

Children's Newspaper, June 4, 1927

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# The CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

*The Story of the World Today for the Men and Women of Tomorrow*

Number 428

Week Ending  
JUNE 4, 1927

EDITED BY ARTHUR MEE

Postage Anywhere  
One Halfpenny

Every Thursday 2d.

## A CANNON BALL FROM JERUSALEM

### A MARVELLOUS YOUNG MAN

#### THE NEW HERO OF THE ATLANTIC

Youth Shows the World Once More What It Can Do

#### SOMETHING LIKE A MIRACLE

Astounding feats are being achieved by airmen, and triumph follows triumph with such rapidity as to make it difficult to keep count. But even on the day when two British airmen have made a record flight almost to India, one performance stands out in characters of such clean-cut heroism, reinforced by such incredible good fortune, as to belong to a class of its own.

Captain Charles Lindbergh, the 25-year-old American airman, by flying the Atlantic alone, rising at Long Island, New York, and arriving in Paris without a stop, has done an unparalleled thing.

#### His Mother's Confidence

Only two people seem to have believed in his idea. He said he could succeed, and his mother, a Detroit school teacher, had unquestioning confidence in his ability to redeem his quiet boast; the rest of the world doubted his powers and pitied his supposedly fatal ardour.

But Fortune favours the brave, sometimes, and it favoured this young man. He chose a machine which had but one pair of wings instead of two pairs, a monoplane; he had only one engine; he would not have a companion; he would not carry wireless; he had no direct view of the course he flew, for he could not see in a natural way from his cockpit, but saw by a periscope of his own making and steered by compass. His food supply comprised five sandwiches (of which he ate only a sandwich and a half) and four quarts of water (of which he drank only half a glass); his total load was 5000 pounds, and of that fuel for 40 hours of flying formed the main item.

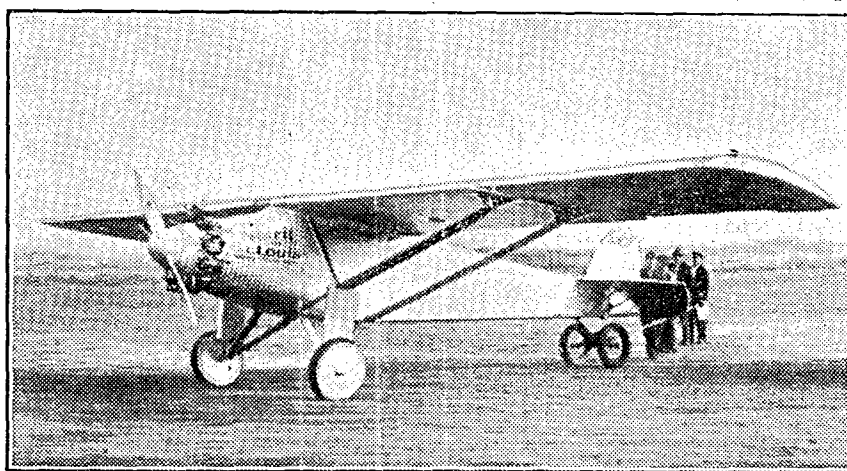
Overnight he spent his evening at a cinema, went to bed for two hours, rose at two in the morning, completed his preparations, put his sandwiches in his pocket and himself into the plane; began his flight at 31 minutes past noon on Friday, and flew for 33 hours 50 minutes; then descended, according to plan, at Le Bourget Aerodrome, Paris, at 21 minutes past ten on Saturday night.

#### An Avenue of Flame

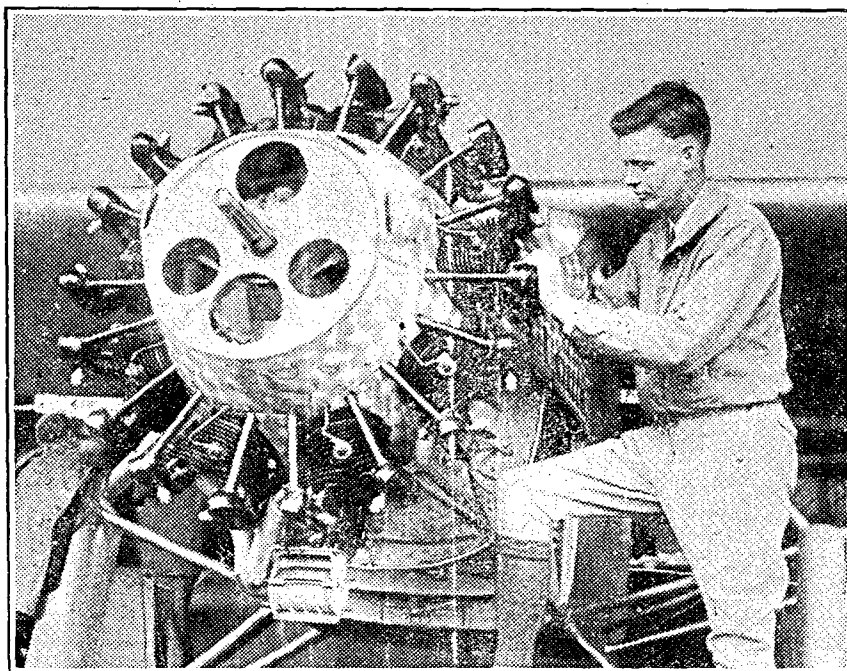
He landed fresh, cheery, blithe, and modest, to a madly enthusiastic greeting from multitudes who had been informed of his progress from the moment he crossed the French coast at Cherbourg and flew all the way to the capital along an avenue of flame, kindled to guide him to his destination.

It seemed so simple when done; all great heroic enterprises in proper hands give that impression. Yet all that time (for 2030 minutes) his feet and hands had been in constant strain at

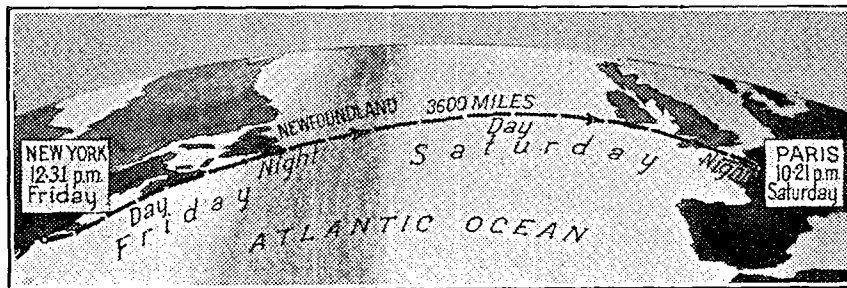
### The Wonder Plane and its Journey



The monoplane in which the Atlantic was crossed



Captain Lindbergh at work on his engine



Daylight and darkness on the route of the flight

Captain Charles Lindbergh, the 25-year-old American airman, has performed the wonderful feat of flying alone across the Atlantic from New York to Paris, a distance of 3600 miles. He was in the air for nearly 34 hours. These pictures show his machine and the route he followed

the controls, his attention had been kept at the highest pitch of anxious observation; sleep, fatigue, terror, all had to be kept at bay.

No long-distance machine is allowed to take the air unless its engine can run 200 hours continuously, but Captain Lindbergh's feat will not soon be eclipsed. It took a century to reach the South Pole, four times as long to reach the North. Boundless good fortune attended the three parties which at last succeeded where hundreds of men had failed in centuries of earlier endeavour.

Weather conditions were favourable for Lindbergh, as for Amundsen and Peary, but the brains that planned these adventures, the high and valiant hearts that sustained them, deserved as well as commanded their great, shining success. Charles Lindbergh prepared himself for great things by keeping his body strong and his brain clear. He is a teetotaler and a non-smoker, as a man must almost certainly be to accomplish feats like this. He is one of Fortune's darlings, but he is of the breed of Columbus, Magellan, and our own gallant, tragic Scott.

### HUNTED OUT OF ENGLAND

#### Tragic Tale's Happy Ending

#### NEWS OF THE DEER DRIVEN INTO THE SEA

It is now many months since the West Kent deer hounds chased a deer to the coast, where it chose the likelihood of a watery grave rather than face the fangs of the pack of dogs that were hot on its trail. Many C.N. readers will remember it with a thrill of shame, and they will be glad to hear news of this poor hunted thing.

Three miles from the shore the exhausted fugitive had the marvellous good fortune to come within sight of a French fishing-boat that had put out from Étaples. The kindly Frenchmen managed to haul the deer aboard, where she lay apparently at the point of death, but happily, when they reached Étaples Quay, the deer revived. The question what should be done with her arose.

#### A Second Rescue

At first the fishermen thought of returning their capture to England; but that was impossible, for strict quarantine was in force there against landing live stock, as France was not free from cattle disease. Then Moissette, as the famous hind is now named, had a second rescue. Near by lived a French gentleman, Monsieur Bozino, who is a great lover of animals. Hearing what had happened, he hastened to the shore and offered the fishermen a tempting price for their unexpected catch.

And now, as we are informed by a reader living on the French coast, Moissette is installed most comfortably in a house of her own, with a playground around her among the pines, enclosed by a high wire fence. There she is quite at ease and happy, with a sufficient run. She feeds well, is losing the nervousness caused by her terrifying experience, and is becoming quite tame. Though she has no deer companions, if she could reason things out she would much prefer to be where she is than to run the chances of another pitiless chase.

A pleasant ending to Moissette's adventure (though it is not flattering to our English love of animals) is that the French Government showed its appreciation of M. Bozino's humane spirit toward the chased English hind by asking him to go to Paris to receive the Sorbonne Medal.

#### AN ENGINE UNDER WATER

An engine which will run for hours under water was tried the other day by the National Lifeboat Institution in a new motor lifeboat which has been built for Rosslare Harbour, Ireland.

The lifeboat is a new type, and is noteworthy because she is the first motor lifeboat to have twin screws and to be provided with wireless.



## A CANNON BALL FROM JERUSALEM ECHO OF THE FALL OF THE HOLY CITY

Could Its Fall Have Been Stayed by a British Spear?

### STORIES THAT SET US THINKING

A double surprise comes in the news from Jerusalem. The so-called wall whose discovery was lately announced is now thought to have been only a hurriedly-constructed rampart. The second surprise is the unearthing of a great stone shot, which may have been fired by a Roman catapult during the siege of Jerusalem 1857 years ago.

The siege of Jerusalem was one of the most memorable and terrible in history. The city fell to Titus on September 8, in the year 70 A.D. Josephus tells us that during the conflict over a million people were killed or died of famine and pestilence, and 97,000 were taken captive. The numbers seem incredible, but the city was packed, at the launching of the siege, with multitudes who had assembled from near and far for the Feast of the Passover. Two and three-quarter million people, the historian says, were suddenly shut in by the encircling Roman army.

#### A Terrible March

The entire city was demolished save three towers, and Titus allowed those to remain as proof of the tremendous defences he had overcome, and as evidence that divine aid had given him victory over seemingly invincible strength. His conduct afterwards hardly bears thinking of; the long and agonising march of the Jewish captives to the sea, the halts by the way when they were made to kill each other in gladiatorial shows, their arrival in Rome, where they completed the building of the terrible Colosseum!

Yet Titus and the Emperor Vespasian, his father, appeared to be model Romans, and shine in history. They link Britain with Jerusalem, for Vespasian fought mightily in Britain, gaining 13 battles, adding two tribes, 20 towns, and the Isle of Wight to the Roman Empire.

#### Son Saves His Father

Destiny made him bring his son Titus with him, and the son saved the father. For one day Vespasian was surrounded by Britons, and would have been slain had not Titus made a heroic charge and rescued him. But for that redemption neither Vespasian nor his son would ever have seen Judea; and Jerusalem, if it had fallen at all, would have fallen to other hands.

*A British spear might have saved the Holy City for a while.*

There is another coincidence. Vespasian, going up against Jerusalem, took the great Josephus prisoner. The astute captive, probably seeking to work on his captor's feelings, predicted that Vespasian would become Emperor of Rome. By a series of tragic events the unlikely prophecy came to pass; and as Daniel and Jeremiah had been set at liberty by Darius and Nebuchadnezzar respectively for their prophecies, so Josephus was freed for his.

Had that not happened we should never have had his inestimable history of the Jewish people, their wars in general and the siege of Jerusalem in particular.

#### A Versatile Emperor

Titus made an admirable emperor; he was a scholar as well as a soldier, law-giver, musician, and poet, and he was renowned as a shorthand writer! Yet he gave us no record of the destruction of Herculaneum and Pompeii, which he visited during the disaster, and left us no word of the overthrow of Jerusalem. Two private letters are the sole record of the first, and we owe all that is authentic of the second to the trembling scholar whom Vespasian and Titus freed from his chains before Jerusalem fell.

Not many years ago there were found in England two lead blocks bearing the

## HALLS IN WHICH WE CAN HEAR

Architects and Their Achievements

### TWO GREAT SUCCESSES

We have heard a great deal about the failure of architects to make halls in which speeches can be clearly heard. Here are two instances of their success.

The first is the new Legislative Chamber at Delhi. Being in such a climate, it had to be made spacious and lofty, and this involved two risks, the risk that the voice would not carry across the building and the risk that it would come echoing down from above.

The attempt was therefore made to reflect the voice back into the room from the walls level with the seats, and to prevent it from being echoed back.



Flight-Lieutenants Gillman and Carr, the heroes of the India flight

All round the lower part of the walls wooden panelling was put up, slightly tilted forward, acting as a sounding-board. Above the panelling light, porous tiles were used, to absorb the sound instead of reflecting it, and in the domed ceiling was open-pattern plaster work, with layers of soft, absorbent material behind. The scheme, we are glad to say, has been an entire success.

The other place which has proved what is called an acoustical success is the Hastings Music Pavilion. The problem was solved on the same principles as at Delhi. There are resonant wood surfaces, hard plaster surfaces, and areas of upholstery and curtains. These combine to give the finest possible body of tone to the music, and with such success that the tone from an orchestra of thirty players, heard from every seat in the hall, is equal to an orchestra twice its size in Queen's Hall, London.

## FRIENDLY NATIONS French President's Visit

The long friendship of Britain and France has been sealed once more by the recent visit of the French President to London.

The Head of the State in France has no control over policy, but acts on the advice of his Ministers. There is, therefore, no political significance in the visit of M. Doumergue; it merely emphasises the friendly relations between the two countries.

Continued from the previous column

name of Claudius, the Emperor under whom Vespasian and Titus served in Britain. Coupled with the Emperor's name was that of Britannicus, his son. Now the young Titus sat later at table in Rome and saw Britannicus drink the fatal draught the murderous Nero had prepared for him. Titus, indeed, sipped lightly from the same cup.

Titus passed on to Jerusalem, but it was not as conqueror of the Holy City that he assumed the title of Emperor. That distinction he put on to celebrate the conquests of Julius Agricola in Britain, nine years after he had laid Jerusalem in the dust.

## NIGHTINGALE SINGING ROUND THE WORLD

WONDER OF A SURREY GARDEN

Bird's Songs Made Immortal by the Genius of Man

### OLD ENGLAND FAR AWAY

We all remember what difficulty the B.B.C. had last year in getting nightingales to sing. Now they have been persuaded to do what looks a much more formidable thing, sing for gramophone records.

The apparatus for catching their song has cost a little fortune. It is a complete recording-room built on a motor body, with microphones attached to it by electric cables, and these were hung on branches of trees near the nests of the nightingales in the Surrey garden of which we heard last year.

#### Music in the Moonlight

Night after night Miss Beatrice Harrison sat out among the trees softly playing her cello. Then, late one evening, as the shadows lengthened and the Moon rose above the trees, there came a trill and a burst of song. One nightingale after another joined in till there were 15 of them singing in full chorus to the cello's accompaniment.

Perhaps still more wonderful is the record to be called Dawn. The record was taken just as the Sun was rising above the horizon. A nightingale first responds to the cello's invitation and then he is joined by blackbirds, thrushes, starlings, and sparrows, and last, borne by the breeze from a distant farmyard, comes the crowing of a cock.

What a wonderful picture of the old homeland that record will take to exiles far away, as well as to thousands of people in crowded cities and bleak northern climes who have never heard the nightingale!

#### What Do Other Birds Think?

Practically all the world will now be able to listen to our marvellous singer. Truth to tell, the concert might have been more easily achieved. It is the business and desire of nightingales to sing by night as well as by day. A cello, unnatural to birds, is really more likely to alarm than to encourage them. A penny bird-whistler, the sound from human lips, any commonplace note that does not impair confidence, will start a nightingale into song.

All who have heard it agree that its song is unmatched, its vigour and endurance as a singer without parallel. But, one wonders, how do other birds regard this living stream of song which, having carolled through the day, fills the skies the livelong night? Have the day birds any views as to the rights of law-abiding nest-owners to the peaceful enjoyment of their homes at night?

Perhaps they think the nightingale a brawler. The note of a nightingale summons a cat to a possible meal. It is hardly to be doubted that the melody suggests something similar to the night-flying owl.

#### The Scream of an Eagle

If we could penetrate the inner secrets of birddom we should possibly learn that our favourite has a black mark against its name in the mental calendar of the rest of the birds. There are men and women who have to confess themselves weary of the nightingale's song when he shouts his joy throughout the night too near their windows. Did not Henry Fawcett pelt the disturber of his sleep with his school bedroom soap?

To hear the hoarse scream of a golden eagle is to listen to the most fiercely stirring cry in all the realm of birds; to hear the nightingale is to thrill with the fancy that of such sounds must be the songs of Paradise. But if the eagle and the nightingale should meet, what think they of each other? It would need an Aesop to picture the encounter and the contest.

Pictures on page 7

## NEW HOME OF THE FRIENDS

### A Quiet House-Warming

One of the finest new buildings in London has just been opened without any ceremony.

It is the new home of the Quakers in Euston Road, and it cost not less than £200,000 to build. The building took two years, with 200 men at work on it most of the time. The old headquarters of the Society of Friends, at Devonshire House in Bishopsgate, had long been too small for its activities. Yet how many famous men and women have worked there! How many noble projects first saw the light within those vanished walls!

The Quakers number about 20,000 in the United Kingdom, but their

### Table of the Great Flights

#### The Atlantic Flight

Friday (12.31 p.m.) Left New York  
Saturday (10.21 p.m.) Arrived Paris  
Time. 33 hours 50 minutes  
Distance. About 3600 miles

#### The India Flight

Friday (10.42 a.m.) Left Cranwell  
Saturday (8.15 p.m.) Arrived near Bandar Abbas  
Distance. About 3400 miles  
Time. 33½ hours

influence for good throughout the world is as great as that of religious or social organisations with a hundred times as many members. But even as they make no fuss about the splendid work they do throughout the world in the cause of humanity and peace, so when they came first into their new home there were no celebrations. It was just their Yearly Meeting, the same kind of meeting that they have held since 1670.

#### John Bright's Grandson

The chairman this year was a grandson of John Bright, and the spirit of the meeting was the spirit of calm reason and kindly humanity which makes the Quakers loved wherever they set their feet, no matter how fiercely the passions of evil may be raging round them.

Their great story has often been told, but it is useful to have a new and greatly revised edition of Mr. A. N. Brayshaw's book *The Quakers: Their Story and Message*, published by the Swarthmore Press at 5s. Mr. Brayshaw is now the leading authority on Quaker history, and he knows how to present his wide knowledge in an attractive form.

## THINGS SAID

Script teaching in schools is ruining handwriting. *Lady Astor*

The good that women do lives after them. *Mrs. Baldwin*

My boy doesn't smoke and drink, but you should see him eat! *Lindbergh's Mother*  
I telephoned to my mother and she said "Everything is lovely."

*Lindbergh in Paris*

The most potent weapon for keeping the working-man down is beer.

*Dr. A. Saller, M.P.*

You can dodge responsibility, but you cannot dodge the consequences of dodging it. *Sir Josiah Stamp*

The nations which have put mankind most in their debt have been small States. *Dean Inge*

To have left Rheims Cathedral in ruin would have been for brains to surrender to violence. *M. Herriot*

American workers have faith in themselves; the idea of joining a union is a confession of inferiority to them.

*Mr. J. R. Smallwood*



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## CAN A MAN RACE HIS VOICE?

FLYING FASTER THAN SOUND

A Flying Prophet Looks Out Into the Future

1000 MILES AN HOUR?

One of the aeroplane inventors has just spread before the world a vision of planes which will shoot through the upper air at a thousand miles an hour, so that a hustling passenger might leave New York after breakfast and lunch in Piccadilly or the Rue de la Paix.

It is a breathless prospect, though placid people might prefer to save time some other way, but who shall say the prophet is too hopeful? He was one of the small band of inventors who at the birth of aeroplanes had the greatest difficulty in getting the heavier-than-air machines to flutter a few yards from the ground, and in less than twenty years have seen them surpass a speed of four miles a minute.

### Leaving Their Voices Behind Them

If such a machine could be made to go at such a speed the voyagers would have many strange experiences. They would leave their own voices behind, and if the propellers were at the back of the machine they would escape the sound of the roar of them, for sound travels less than nine hundred miles an hour and the plane would move too fast to let the sound catch it up. A man travelling at that speed would be racing his voice!

But we may doubt these things. Moving at such a speed, the machine would probably burn itself up, as meteors do. The voyagers might, perhaps, be enclosed in metal chambers, where they would neither be frozen nor burned to death; but we are by no means certain that if the machine took an upward turn they might not fly out of the atmosphere altogether and become a permanent shooting star that could never get back.

## THE WANDERER OF WARWICK LANE

Austalis of Roman Britain

Mr. Arthur Weigall, in his book of Wanderings in Roman Britain, has opened up to us many wonders of our wonderful land.

He dispels all the notions our nursery school books gave us of Roman conquerors finding savage people when they came first to our shores.

"The inhabitants of Britain at the time of the coming of the Romans," he reminds us, "had been more or less civilised for at least 1500 years. Their bronze weapons are magnificent, in no way inferior to those then in use in highly civilised countries such as Egypt. The finding of numerous razors of that period shows that they shaved themselves; they were well and even richly dressed. Their women's hair was held up by gold or bronze pins of exquisite workmanship."

He brings the past and the present very close together when he tells us of the little piece of Roman writing found in Warwick Lane in the City, scratched on a pottery tile. It reads:

*Austalis has been wandering about by himself day after day for eight days.*

This instantly sets us wondering why Austalis wandered thus? Had he quarrelled with his brothers? Had somebody crossed his will? Civilised as they may have been in those days they had no B.B.C. to inquire on behalf of the anxious mother of Austalis if he would not immediately return to her and to his home. Did he ever come back? We wonder.

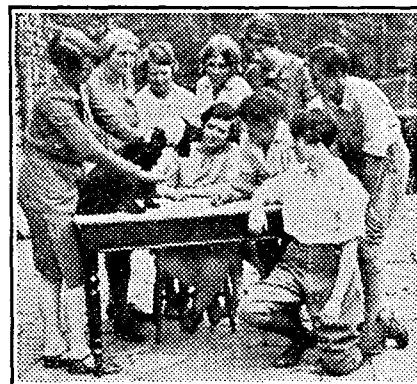
## A SCHOOL FOR DOG LOVERS



A parade of Dandy Dinmont terriers



A very young puppy feeding from a bottle



Learning how to bandage an injured spaniel's head



Miss Forbes giving a lecture on the anatomy of dogs



The pupils with various breeds of dogs

At Haslemere, in Surrey, Miss J. Trefusis Forbes has established the Bell Mead Kennels, where many Dandy Dinmont terriers and other dogs are reared. She also teaches girls how to look after dogs and become efficient kennel-maids. These pictures show some of the pupils at work in what is a good school for dog lovers

## THE WONDER AGE AMONG THE NATIVES

A QUIET CORNER OF MADAGASCAR

The Machine That Writes and the Machine That Talks

HELPING ON CIVILISATION

By Our Missionary Correspondent

In Madagascar, which is a French colony, there are nowadays cities and railways, and roads along which the French officials and merchants and soldiers travel. But away from these roads there are still many villages where little is known of the modern world and its inventions.

When the missionaries come to these out-of-the-way places they bring with them many things which astonish the inhabitants, including the typewriter and the gramophone. We must not be proud of ourselves when we think of this. When our fathers were small boys they had no gramophones, and the Editor remembers when he first saw a typewriter and thought it a strange and wonderful thing.

### It Writes Like a Book

Into a remote village in Madagascar the missionary comes and takes up his abode. He has a letter to write, and he begins to tap the keys of his typewriter, all the doors of his house being open. The villagers are already full of curiosity as to who this stranger is. He is not an official and not a soldier; who, then, is he? Their astonishment grows when they look through the door and see the stranger with his writing-machine.

The children are the first to come near, very timidly, and, finding that the stranger is kind, they come into the house and observe everything—the noise of the clock, as they call it, which shows when the writer has arrived at the end of a line, and the appearance of the paper when it leaves the machine. They are amazed at the speed. "Wonderful! It writes like a book," they say. And the most learned of the children who have been to school knows that it even writes in Malagasy, the language of their own people.

### Curiosity Aroused

Soon the romance of the machine that writes spreads through the village, and the elders come to have it explained. They want to buy the sheet of paper with the writing, but they have to be told that it is a letter written to a friend and cannot be sold. It is not books they want now, but the sheets on which the machine has written. Some day, perhaps, the missionary will write them a letter. So the good stranger makes his friendly entrance into the village.

But in some of the villages the visitor finds only a number of wild and suspicious people, not disposed to make friends. Then it is that another invention comes in useful. One missionary declares that he never travels without his gramophone. Sometimes when he arrives the people have fled to their huts; sometimes they are standing around, looking not very friendly.

### The Bond of Laughter

"First of all," writes Mr. Gale to the London Missionary Society, "I put on a stirring band piece, a real rouser. Presently you will see tousled heads peeping round bushes, hands timorously opening windows and doors. Then I put on a song. The band piece startles the natives; the song staggers them. Then follows a laughing song, and tremblingly, fearfully, they creep nearer and nearer, unable to resist the wonder of a machine talking, singing, laughing."

Now, laughter is a language common to all men. Eyes twinkle; smiles broaden. Suddenly there is a guffaw; the whole crowd is convulsed. Now the visitor has the ears and the goodwill of these shy and suspicious tribesmen.



## TRIUMPH AT LAST HOW A POET CAME INTO HIS OWN

Poor Christopher Smart and  
His Great Song to David -

£590 FOR A COPY

There once was a poet named Christopher Smart whose general work was undistinguished and uninspired.

When his writings were collected for publication his friends omitted one poem lest it should remind the world that, as they thought, poor Smart was madder than his family knew him sometimes to have been. The poem omitted, however, makes the name of Christopher Smart immortal, and ranges him for an hour with Milton, Keats, and Blake.

That poem was Smart's Song to David. Only five printed copies of it exist, and for one of these the British Museum has paid £590. That sum would have been a fortune to its hapless author, who died in a debtor's prison in London on May 21, 1771, four years before Charles Lamb was born.

### Praying in the Street

Smart was a first-rate scholar, a fellow of Pembroke College, Cambridge, but sank to the position of a bookseller's hack, and lived the life common to that unhappy breed of 18th-century slaves of the pen and the bottle. His poverty and his distressing method of life sapped his reason, and for a time he was confined in an asylum.

There Dr. Johnson visited him, and afterwards, while censuring the intemperance of which Smart had sometimes been the victim, told how the poet used to fall on his knees in the street and pray. "I do not think he ought to be shut up (said Johnson). His infirmities were not noxious to society. He insisted on people praying with him; and I would as lief pray with Kit Smart as with anyone."

### Poetry in a Cell

The poor poet made history in his wretched cell, like Cervantes and John Bunyan. Denied writing material, he covered the door and walls of his prison with this deathless poem. There it was that he wrote the Song to David. Was he mad when he wrote it, or was true poetic inspiration then upon him for the only time in his life?

It is a great puzzle. We may see the problem studied in a poem on the subject by Browning. Whatever the influence responsible, this asylum cell wall was the medium by which the unhappy man transmitted a series of majestic stanzas, not all perfect, not all worthy of the whole, but for the most part marked by the most exalted imagination.

### Only One Masterpiece

The flame that lighted up his soul died down. The dull, plodding, unimaginative Christopher Smart reappeared and never wrote another noble thing. His contemporaries were unable to realise that he had thus strangely wrought a masterpiece. They thought the poem as mad as he, and for his credit's sake they kept it out of the volume in which they assembled the pieces which they thought more creditable to him.

His genius flowered and died during one short period. How different from the fate of Lamb! "The six weeks that ended last year and began this," he wrote at 22 to Coleridge, "your humble servant spent very agreeably in a madhouse at Hoxton." All the charming essays that make Charles Lamb dear to us had yet to be written after that breakdown; poor Kit Smart's hours of glory came when he was actually behind the bars, and returned not to him with his liberty.

The fame of this poem was long in coming. Browning dedicated a splendid tribute to him; various references to the merit of the work are to be found in

## ONE OF THE BRAVEST OF THE BRAVE The Man Who Went On Working

One of our troubles is that so many people do not like work. Here is the story of a man who did.

He was a miner, Frederick Jenkinson, and he was buried to his shoulder a year ago by a fall of dirt in the mine he was working in at Armthorpe, near Doncaster. His comrades dug him out, and he finished the day's work. He had two days' rest at home, telling his wife he was lucky to be alive, and then he worked on for eight months. But he worked in agony, and crept up and down stairs on his hands and knees. He worked right through the coal stoppage.

It was months before he would see a doctor, which, of course, was very foolish of him. Then he had to give up work, and over a year after the accident he died. He had a fractured spine. The coroner said he must have been one of the bravest of the brave, and we agree with him.

### THE COMFORT OF THESE DAYS

Less Than a Million Idle

Is it not a sadly curious thing that we find consolation in the fact that we have not a million out of work?

For the first time since the General Strike and the coal stoppage the British unemployment figures have fallen below the million mark.

Just before the strike they stood at 982,000; immediately after they went up another half million, and remained there till the end of November. They have been coming down steadily since.

The curious thing is that the week before the strike was the only time the figures had dropped below the million for over five years. We were just beginning to recover from the after-war slump when the strike came. Now we have recovered from the set-back of the strike and may hope to go on from where we left off.

### TWO BOYS

On Two Sides of the World

Side by side in the papers the other day were the stories of two British boys who won success on opposite sides of the world.

Joseph Haft went out steerage to New York at 18, one of a family of six. In four days he obtained work as a labourer, and later started a factory for women's costumes with his brothers. Now, at little over 40, he has been visiting his old home in Manchester and his school at Wrexham, a rich man.

Henry Folland began life as a pit-boy and lost his arm in an accident at 14. He has died under 50, after being High Sheriff of Carmarthen, leaving a fortune of nearly half a million made in the tin-plate trade. He left £10,000 to the Swansea Hospital.

Continued from the previous column

the writings of discerning critics. Yet so little known is it to the general reading public that a single copy of the poem realises nearly £600 for inclusion among the literary treasures of the nation.

Poor despised Kit Smart, by this one achievement, takes rank with our greatest singers. If his well-wishers had had eyes to see they would have destroyed all else that he had written and kept this gem.

But that would have made the man less interesting. We all wonder what Keats and Shelley would have achieved had health and long years been granted them, and we wonder equally what Christopher Smart would have done had this one flood of inspiration been diffused throughout his life.

## SEEING THE INVISIBLE Mill Hill's Wonderful Microscope

THE FINEST IN THE WORLD

At Mill Hill is a microscope that can see better than the man who made it.

It can glimpse the invisible, and can show that the walls or the floor of a room are shaking in the wind that passes by. It is Mr. Barnard's super-microscope, the finest in the world.

He employs it at Mill Hill, in the National Institute for Medical Research, to help in the hunt for microbes. It can detect microbes which no eye can see when looking directly at them, because they are so small that light will not reflect from them.

But Mr. Barnard's microscope can do more than that. The eye can take an instantaneous photograph of things it sees, but only when they are large enough. The ultra-microscope goes farther. It employs light that will not light up things to the human eye, because the light is itself invisible.

### Too Small to Reflect Light

When an object is less than a sixty-thousandth of an inch across ordinary light passes it by, unreflected by it. But some invisible light will still be reflected by it. That is the kind of light Mr. Barnard's microscope can use. It can employ its reflections on an object a 250-thousandth of an inch across, and, though it cannot send the reflections back to the eye with any effect, it can be photographed.

Apart from this magic, Mr. Barnard's microscope is a magnificent magnifier. It can magnify 3500 times, so that if it could be employed to magnify a half-penny, that coin, which is ordinarily an inch across, would swell to a diameter of 294 feet, and if placed against St. Paul's Cathedral would shut out all but the top part of the dome.

So delicate is it that, looking through it at a microbe, the tiny organism is seen to move about with every vibration that a passing cart will impart to the floor of the room.

## TREASURE OF A CASTLE What Scarborough Tells Us of Old Britain

Beautiful Scarborough's Castle Hill is interesting holiday-makers especially this summer, owing to the fact that it has been yielding up fresh treasures to the excavator that tell us things about the people of Britain over 600 years before the coming of the Romans.

Tudor and Norman and Saxon all took part in the fort-building on the hill, and lately, beneath the remains of these, the walls and ditches of a small Roman tower of refuge have been found, along with the relics of a settlement of the Iron Age, dating perhaps from 700 B.C. This discovery helps to destroy some old ideas and to confirm some new ones about prehistoric times in Britain.

On the Continent of Europe the Iron Age succeeded the Age of Bronze about 1000 B.C., but it was supposed that the knowledge of iron failed to cross the Channel for 500 years longer, and that for all those years Britain remained in the Bronze Age after it had disappeared elsewhere. It was difficult to see why this should have been so, and now it is clear that it was not.

Scarborough is the most northerly of several of these settlements that have now been found, and if the new civilisation had reached that latitude by 700 B.C. it must have reached these other spots earlier. It is probable that throughout the 500 years from 1000 to 500 B.C. small groups of immigrants from the Continent found their way into Britain, settled among the older inhabitants, and taught them the new arts.

## OLD IDEA IN A NEW BOOK STATUE AND THE STORY Pygmalion and the Ivory Figure that Came to Life

FACT AND FICTION MINGLE

A book that is interesting grown-ups has a pretty notion for its theme.

Little girls talk to their dolls as though the figures were alive; and delightful make-believe it is to watch. In this book the child's doll does come to life, at first invisible to all but its little owner, then perceptible to everybody till the girl meets a lover and is married, when the doll, long her closest friend, fades into nothingness.

All who have read the old legends of classical days will recognise an immortal favourite reborn in this story. At once the great Pygmalion starts up again in his studio in sunny Cyprus. Nowhere does he meet a woman who matches his ideals, so he gives himself to Art, as many a man has done before and since.

### Sculptor's Supreme Effort

He carved a statue of snow-white ivory, the figure of a woman, in which were embodied all the loveliness, grace, and tender beauty of a poet's dreams, combined, as he imagined, with those qualities of mind and soul which glorified his model above all living creatures. Never before had there been so exquisite a creation by human art, never did sculptor more love his work.

Artists do fall in love with their creations. Dickens wept bitterly over the death of Little Nell; and many a painter and sculptor has been heart-stricken at having to part with the creation of his brush and chisel. Pygmalion never thought of letting go this supreme effort of his life.

It became to him a reality, a thing of life and feeling, like the little girl's doll. He laid it on a couch of Sidonian purple; he decked it with fine raiment, and put rings on its fingers and jewels about its neck, brought it little presents daily, made it part of his own life.

### The Magic Touch of Venus

Then, in this old tale as in our fairy stories, the sleeping beauty came to life. Venus, the goddess of Love, realising the excellence of the merits of Pygmalion and his devotion to an ideal, touched the ivory figure with her magic, and, lo, when Pygmalion returned from the feast his dream came true: the figure moved, it breathed; the ivory became flesh, the statue, a vision of human loveliness, gave her creator kiss for kiss, and the twain lived happily ever after.

Such is the old fable upon which poem, play, and novel have been founded for two thousand years. Behind the impossibility of the story truth is supposed to lurk. It is believed that there was an artist called Pygmalion, who shunned the giddy, worldly women of his age and created a bride for himself. What he did, it is supposed, was to adopt a young and untaught girl, bring her up in his own household, educate and mould her to his own ideals of womanhood, and make her in spirit his other self, as she became in fact when he married her.

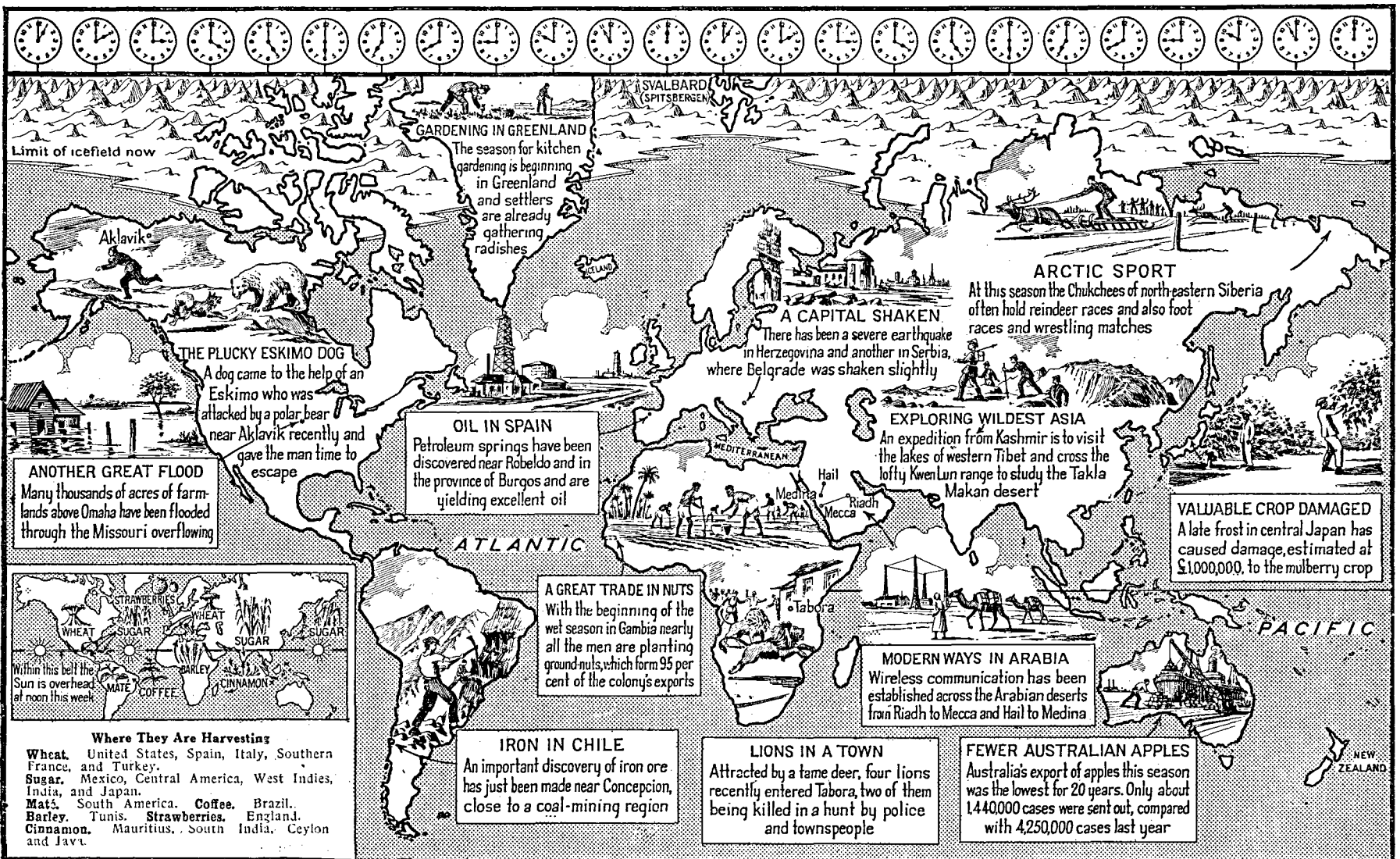
### An Unforgettable Town

They had a son whom they named Paphos, who founded a town in Cyprus bearing that name. Paphos, though earthquakes rent it, lives unforgettable in literature. Fable says it was there that Venus rested when she first rose from the sea; fact has it that Paphos was the world-centre of her worship, that Paul visited it, and that Vespasian and Augusta restored and glorified it.

So fact and fiction mingle; so out of an old tale told in the nursery and sung by many a poet rises the story which still furnishes dramatists and novelists with ideas for present-day plots.



# PICTURE-NEWS AND TIME MAP SHOWING EVENTS ALL OVER THE WORLD



## SAVING IN HARD TIMES Something To Be Proud Of

The more we can save the more we can lend, the more will our factories produce, and the more employment there will be.

There we have the whole case for saving, given by Sir Robert Horne at a meeting called by the National Savings Committee.

General Seely, the committee's chairman, gave some remarkable figures as to the growth of the people's savings. Eleven years ago, when the organisation started, the total savings in the Post Office and other savings banks and the building societies amounted to 340 million pounds. Now they amount to 619 million pounds, to which must be added 493 million pounds in Savings Certificates, a total of 1,112 millions. General Seely believes that if other savings agencies were taken into account the total savings of the people would be over 1,500 million pounds.

## RUBBISH

### What To Do With It

That is the motto of the St. Mary's Hospital Rubbish Collection Fund at Paddington.

The organisers are sending sacks to London householders in which to put their rubbish, to be called for by collecting vans, and they ask children all over England to make up parcels and send them to 33, Praed Street, London, W.2.

A storehouse has been equipped and vans obtained for collecting, sorting, and selling rubbish on behalf of the hospital. The stores will deal with old clothes, old boots and hats, old woollens and linens, old rugs and rags of any kind; and also furniture and odd things.

Prizes will be given to children who send the best parcels, if they remember to send their addresses with them. Every parcel will be acknowledged.

## GETTING THINGS RIGHT A Million Pounds Saved in a Year

The ratepayers of West Ham have good reason to be grateful to the Minister of Health for putting in his own Poor Law Commissioners in place of the spendthrift guardians.

It is believed that in their first complete year they will show a saving of nearly a million pounds. Unfortunately, there was a debt of nearly two millions to be wiped off, so that the rates cannot yet be reduced.

The number of relief cases has been almost halved, and the weekly amount paid out has been reduced from £26,000 to £10,000. The number of able-bodied men on relief has been brought down from 13,000 to less than half that number.

## 50,000 CRIPPLES

### A Great Work Being Done

It is terrible to think that there are 50,000 children in England and Wales suffering from one kind of physical defect or another, and that scarcely a quarter of them are receiving any education.

Yet things are better than they were. There were about sixty day schools for crippled children six years ago and there are about the same number now; but the number of residential and hospital schools has grown in that time from 35 to 61, and accommodation and attendance have nearly doubled.

There are still nearly 200 districts, however, where no proper provision has been made.

## ESKIMO ON THE WIRELESS

A wireless broadcast has been given by the Canadian National Railways station in Ottawa for the benefit of the Eskimos in the North-West Territories. It was the first time the Eskimo language had been broadcast.

## THE RICH MAN'S SON Getting Slack

The son of a rich cotton broker in Liverpool sailed away from England the other day in an ocean-going steamer, waved off from the quay by his father and mother. He had signed on as a seaman, and will earn fifty shillings a month.

He explained why he had taken this step. "I have been getting slack, and some hard work will do me good," he said. For a boy of seventeen to realise that slackness is a miserable thing and hard work a splendid thing is not, we are quite sure, an uncommon experience; but for a boy of rich parents to take vigorous action in the matter is something well worth putting on record. We wish him Bon Voyage.

## BLUEBEARD'S WINE CELLAR

### A Scent 300 Years Old

The scent of 300 years ago still fills the air in the New Wyne Seller of our King Bluebeard, Henry the Eighth, now open to the public at Hampton Court.

It is under the Great Watching Tower, next to the kitchen, and was excavated during the winter. Through doors leading out of it are the Drynkyng House and the Newe Bere Seller, which will be cleared shortly.

## RAILWAY VANS FOR CARS

Owing to the enormous numbers of motor-cars now being made in Canada 700 special freight vans have been built by the Canadian National Railways.

The vans are 40 feet long, 10 feet high, and 8 feet wide; and the cars will be packed in three tiers.

The vans are also fitted with large doors at either end, so that huge vehicles, such as motor-lorries and buses, may be transported.

## A MILL GIRL'S STORY Martha Chippendale

How a jolly little wool weaver, full of jokes and mischief in her Yorkshire home, became one of the best loved and most capable officers of the Salvation Army is told in the life-story of the mill-girl who became Brigadier Martha Chippendale. The book is published by the Salvation Army at 3s.

Martha had terrible thrashings to face for her love of the Army, and her youth was very stormy. A girl friend asked her if she did not feel just sick of everything, but she denied it with vigour: "You see I've found out that there are two kinds of being happy, the outside sort which others can spoil, and the inside kind which no one can touch."

All her life she radiated good cheer. As a girl she became the Little Soldier's Captain, and so, step by step, rose till she was a guiding spirit in the work among soldiers and sailors.

What the Government thought of her was shown when she was made a Member of the Order of the British Empire. The memory of her goodness and her patient, smiling helpfulness is enshrined in the heart of many a battered hero of the war.

## In the Auction Rooms

The following prices have lately been paid in the auction rooms for objects of interest.

A portrait by Reynolds . . .	£13,000
A portrait by Raeburn . . .	£12,600
A painting by Corot . . .	£5565
A 15th-century marble plaque . . .	£2625
Five faenza bottles . . .	£1680
A large Afghanistan carpet . . .	£1575
Six Dresden saucer-dishes . . .	£1165
14 George II table candlesticks . . .	£1095
Set of eight William III chairs . . .	£880
A Charles II silver porringer . . .	£717
A Louis Quinze table . . .	£609
Two 17th-century bronze figures . . .	£550
An old Belgian harpsichord . . .	£460
A Commonwealth silver tazza . . .	£292
A set of 24 panels of 18th-century Chinese wallpaper sold for £1020.	



## CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

JUNE 4

1927

## A Tale of an Elephant

ONE of the pleasantest things we ever heard concerning animals comes from Mr. Bostock, the American of circus fame. It is the story of an elephant.

There was a mighty elephant in his circus, bigger than the famous Jumbo, and this great elephant could be managed only by one man. An elephant, of course, could kill a man in a second, and to train an elephant the greatest patience is essential. In India, according to Mr. Bostock, the men who train elephants sit down before them and talk to them for weeks, telling them that their fathers trained elephants before them, that they themselves are extremely fond of elephants, and that if these particular elephants will only trust them and do what they tell them to do they will have a very jolly time together.

Well, the man in the circus used this method with the mighty elephant, and at last got it to trust him; and in the end he completely won its affection. He could do anything with the elephant. Then came a sad day when this man gradually lost his self-respect through drink and grew at last to be a sorry drunkard. In his degradation, when he was unfit for human eyes, he would creep away into the elephant's stable, fling himself down in the straw, and there sleep off the poison fumes of the alcohol that was killing him.

This sometimes happened when the elephant was due to perform in the circus, and as the man was the only person who could manage it he had to be roused from his sleep. But no one dared to go in to him, for the elephant would have killed any intruder who laid hands on him. So they took to arming themselves with missiles and flinging their missiles at the sleeper. These attacks, however, enraged the elephant, which would utter its wrath in threatening sounds and take up a protecting position over the sleeper, which brought the missiles hurtling against its own body.

Such love in animal is one of the strangest and most attractive features in their disposition. Let a man earn their confidence and win their love, let him create in the dark mystery of their animal nature the divine impulse of love, and he may become threadbare, starving, or degraded, and the animal will still love him as he loves no one else in the world.

Only a little imagination is necessary to let us see the wonderful beauty of this story, in which a magnificent elephant, robbed of all its natural rights and imprisoned in a stable, stood guard over a poor degraded man who had managed to win its heart.



## THE EDITOR'S TABLE

Fleetway House, Farringdon Street, London

above the hidden waters of the ancient River Fleet, the cradle of the Journalism of the world

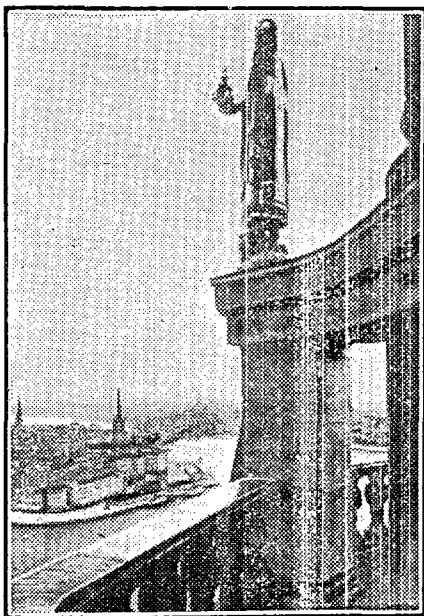


## The Last War and the Next

NEWS has been received at Plymouth of a live mine seen near Eddystone Lighthouse. So the last war is not over yet!

H.M.S. Adventure has steamed out of Plymouth Sound on her first cruise. She is the first of a new type of warship called a mine-laying cruiser. So the next war is being well prepared for!

It depends on you, and all the other people who read this, and all the people who will not take the trouble to read it.



The Pride of Stockholm

The question whether posters should be abolished has been discussed. This fine example showing Stockholm from its famous Town Hall suggests that they may be nobly used.

## Opal Day at Canberra

THE new Australian Parliament House has found something to do.

The special correspondent of one of our London dailies has sent news from Sydney that the Australian Cabinet is trying to persuade British jewellers not to remove the opal from the list of "birth-stones" because of the serious effect on the industry.

We hope that British jewellers will rise to the occasion and save the Empire once again. It would be terrible if the opal were no longer to be lucky, and we dread to think what our October babies would do when they grew up and found our jewellers out. The special correspondent has heard of a woman whose life has been saved five times through wearing an opal charm—three times from drowning, once in a railway accident, and once in a charabanc disaster! Is it not wonderful how a little opal can do it?

It seems good that wireless has come in time to carry momentous news of this sort round the world, and that newspapers have room to print it in these days. But for Caxton and Marconi we might have missed it. We wish the Australian Cabinet fine weather for its great Opal Day.

## Pigskin

By Peter Puck

THEY were reading aloud from a book by Richard Jefferies, and the reader came to an incident in which Jefferies tells that the shoemaker of Okebourne village would sometimes mend the boots of his customers with hard bacon. The youngest person in the family circle looked up at her mother when the others were smiling, and said "I suppose that was only for little trotters."

## Tip-Cat

TENNIS has always been popular with Royalty. It cannot be properly played except in Courts.

MOST worries, we are told, are not worth worrying about. Especially when they are other people's.

THE dullest face is said to brighten up in the spring. One good result of spring-cleaning.

ONE regiment that has just gone to China included 42 saxophone players. They are hoping to take the Chinese by the ear.

NOT to be made light of: A cricket match.

ALL holiday motorists are advised to try to get off the beaten track. Many do, without trying.

TAILORS and dress-makers say spots have gone right out. Wonder what has happened to the man who was always on the spot?

AN admiring critic says there is nothing cheap about Kipling. Even his genius is priceless, though it was a gift.

IT is said that there are bacteria on stamps. Our office boy hopes they will get a good licking.

## The Proof

That God loves laughter more than tears  
Is very plain to see,  
A million buttercups He rears  
For one sad cypress tree. Country Girl

## The Lady at the Kerbstone

She wore a battered black straw hat;  
Her shawl had ragged edges;  
Her ears were looped with loops of gold;  
Her speech was strange; her face was old.

But in her arms—oh sweet, oh gay,  
Demure and riotous they lay,  
Snowdrops and daffodillies.

Sixpennyworth of spring! Oh run!  
Sixpennyworth of beauty;  
Sixpennyworth of petalled fire  
Above a slender emerald spire:  
Oh hasten, ere she goes, and buy  
This loveliness which cannot die:  
Eternity for sixpence. Flora Sandström

## When Can Their Glory Fade?

The last survivor of the immortal Light Brigade has died at 96. He was Sergeant-Major Edwin Hughes, and he has died at his home in Blackpool just 73 years after the famous charge at Balaclava. It is thrilling to think what he must have remembered of that day of which Tennyson wrote:

FORWARD, the Light Brigade!  
Was there a man dismayed?  
Not though the soldier knew  
Some one had blundered:  
Their's not to make reply,  
Their's not to reason why,  
Their's but to do and die:  
Into the valley of Death  
Rode the six hundred.

CANNON to right of them,  
Cannon to left of them,  
Cannon in front of them,  
Volleyed and thundered;  
Stormed at with shot and shell,  
Boldly they rode and well;  
Into the jaws of Death,  
Into the mouth of Hell,  
Rode the six hundred.

PLUNGED in the battery-smoke,  
Right through the line they  
broke;  
Cossack and Russian  
Reeled from the sabre-stroke,  
Shattered and sundered.  
Then they rode back, but not—  
Not the six hundred.

WHEN can their glory fade?  
O the wild charge they made!  
All the world wondered.

## The Lady of the Cliff

A wanderer by the sea sends us this note from Devon.

HIGH up on the cliff path above beautiful Babbacombe Bay stands a small statue of a sweet and gracious lady with a bird resting on her hand. She was Lady Mount Temple, who spent many happy years with her husband in a house called Babbacombe Cliff, sometimes described as the House with the Seven Gables, standing in the woods above the sea, like the nest of a rook.

To this home they welcomed many guests, some rich, some poor, for they loved to share their happiness.

Below was a lovely garden filled with roses, where white doves fluttered under the firs. Their lady loved them dearly. "I call them my little holy spirits when the Sun lights up their wings," she said. It was she who founded the Plumage League to protect birds from destruction.

Mr. Watts painted a very beautiful portrait of her in old age, but it is the little statue above the sea which dwells most in my memory.

Wandering beneath the steep, grey walls of the house where she had dwelt I met a postman, and asked him if he remembered her.

"Do I remember her!" he exclaimed wistfully. "Something seems gone from here."

She thought about the sailor, too, the fishermen whose homes were in the little cove beneath the cliff. Every stormy night she would put lights in her windows to guide them home.

Peter Puck Wants to Know



If perfect people live in model dwellings



## WHAT IS WRONG WITH THE WORLD?

### THE LEAGUE AND THE MARKETS

#### Time to Get Rid of the Tariff Walls

#### GENEVA AND THE KITCHEN

The time has come to put an end to the increase in tariffs and to move in the opposite direction, says the Committee of the World Economic Conference at Geneva.

Delegates from 42 nations, including Russia and the United States, have been attending the Conference. Though they are appointed by their Governments they do not actually represent them, and they have no power to commit them; it is simply a conference of experts of all nations assembled to examine the causes of the trade depression which all the world feels.

#### Causes of the Trouble

The Committee, of course, had no difficulty in discovering that the depression is still mainly due to the after-effects of the war. High tariffs, aimed at reducing trade troubles, have actually prolonged them. Munition making and other special war industries left all the nations with more manufacturing plant than they could use, and so they tried to create new industries to use the plant, and set up tariffs to protect them from outside competition.

The birth of new nations increased the number of these tariff walls by more than a third, and behind them the nations strove after a degree of economic independence of their neighbours not warranted by their resources.

#### Worst Kind of Tariff War

The Committee thinks the nations should take steps forthwith to remove or diminish tariff barriers which hamper trade; that they should make commercial treaties with each other giving guarantees for the development of trade between them; and that tariff wars should for ever cease. This last recommendation should be specially interesting to France, whose Chamber is considering a new tariff war with her neighbours.

There is one kind of tariff war which the Committee specially condemns, and that is the imposing of duties on imports or exports of the raw materials of industry, which increases the cost of production and aggravates natural inequalities in the distribution of the world's wealth. That is a very significant declaration. Is it too much to hope that it represents a new world outlook on the responsibilities of nations as trustees of the world's wealth?

#### Standard Pots and Pans

But the Conference has been concerned with many other things besides tariffs. It wants to see the growth of organisation and system in every department of industry, so that the worker shall work to the best effect and the manufacturer exactly meet the needs of their public. They would simplify methods of distribution, cut out useless middlemen, stop waste of power and raw material, and set up standards and patterns for manufactures.

This last means that if you bought a standard teapot and broke the lid you could be sure of getting a new lid without having to buy a new teapot. It is a fine thing, as every housewife will agree, to see a world conference concerning itself with such very practical matters! And a woman's voice was actually heard at Geneva asking for this very thing! She wants Geneva to standardise the pots and pans in the kitchen. The ironmonger round the corner may not like it, because he is apt to take a short-sighted view of his interests; but it is for the Governments to teach him that everything which encourages and simplifies buying is good for him in the long run, and good for us all.

## THE LUCKY LITTLE TOWN

This has been on the Editor's table too long, but it is never too late for such things. It comes from a country correspondent.

**W**E have been very lucky; we got seats at a little out-of-the-way lecture in a little out-of-the-way country town which hardly ever stirs in its comfortable sleep, a lecture given by Colonel Norton of the Mount Everest Expedition.

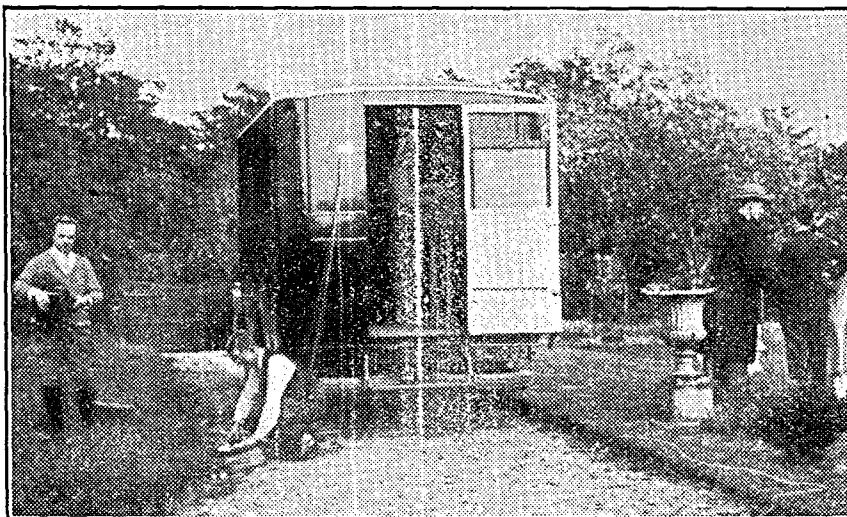
He, the great leader, undaunted, watchful, gentle, fair-minded, unconquerable, stood before us and showed us some of his lantern pictures. He told us that it was his first public lecture, and that he lectured there for love of the little town, with which he and his people had been connected for forty years. Tall, very slight, simple in bearing and

speech, he gave us the impression that there was a poet hidden in the soldier.

The pureness of the air, the whiteness of the snow, the intense blue and green of the ice; he spoke of these things. We, listening, were struck by his care for the native porters who went with him, his keenness to think the very best of them and to praise every whit of their gallant supporting effort.

All this was plain. Of the great men we have ever met Colonel Norton impressed us most as being separated from others by an iron self-control and discipline. It is that which has given him an air of sovereign power; it is that, we hope, which will take him to the top of Everest yet.

## A TRAP FOR THE NIGHTINGALE'S SONG



Laying cables from the motor-van to the microphones



Miss Harrison charming the nightingales into song

Nightingales in Surrey have been persuaded to sing for a gramophone record. At Miss Beatrice Harrison's home at Oxted, in Surrey, electric microphones were hung in the trees and connected by cables to the recording apparatus in a motor-van. Miss Harrison played her cello in the garden, and soon, attracted by the music, a number of nightingales were in full song near the microphones. See page 2

## NEWS FROM EVERYWHERE

Charlton, in the south-east of London, is to have an open-air reading-room.

In levelling ground on Salisbury Plain to make a football field some soldiers unearthed a skeleton 2000 years old.

#### Three Times President

Mr Charles Burgess King has been elected President of the Liberian Republic for the third time.

#### Heifer's Wooden Leg

On a Forfarshire farm is a pedigree heifer with a wooden leg, which replaced a broken one in its babyhood. It runs about with the others.

#### The Litterers

A man was fined at Tottenham for littering a tram with peanut shells. Now who will fine the tram-people for littering the streets with their tickets?

Australia has 80 million sheep and 14 million cattle.

In the Newfoundland seal fishing season which has just ended 180,000 skins were taken.

#### Dig or Quit

The tenant of an Alfreton Council house has been given notice to quit for refusing to cultivate his garden.

#### A Peace Calendar

The London Federation of the League of Nations Union is getting out a League of Nations Calendar, and prizes are offered for the six best quotations.

#### Trees for New Zealand

The New Zealand Government has planted 100,000 acres with trees in six years, and last year sold five million trees to private growers.

## THEATRE PLATO MUST HAVE KNOWN

### NEW LIFE ON OLD STAGES

#### What a Play was Like in the Long Ago

#### SYRACUSE AND DELPHI

Many of our schools, as well as a host of amateur dramatic societies, perform plays or parts of plays from the ancient classics, and a multitude of people must have been thrilled to learn that certain of these masterpieces have been played on the stages for which they were originally written.

Think of the wonder of a performance today in the ancient theatre of Syracuse, a scene which Plato must often have visited before the tyrant Dionysius sold him as a slave; and of a play by Aeschylus in the old theatre of Delphi!

#### The Death of Aescop

Delphi was a peculiarly sacred city of Greece which grew up about the most renowned of pagan temples, the Temple of Apollo, from which issued the famous Delphic oracles; the temple kings enriched and wealthy wisdom-seekers heaped with treasure; the temple upon which Croesus showered gold; the temple whose priests hurled the beloved Aescop to death because he mingled his witty scepticism with his master Croesus's petition for an oracle.

War and the wastage of Time overthrew and buried classic Delphi; her oracles have long been dumb. But Western peoples, who were ignoble barbarians to her sons, have now dug out some of her ancient splendours, and among them the remains of her wonderful theatre, a great arena on a slope of the poet's hill, Mount Parnassus, and made the past come to life again.

#### Words That Thrilled Old Greece

They have had a performance of that tremendous play Prometheus Bound, by Aeschylus, and 2000 people from many parts of the world saw the actions and heard the words that thrilled old Greece in the noontide of her intellectual majesty. If Aeschylus could have looked into the future as he looked into the past, and have imagined that "imperishable Delphi" would die and be buried, and a play of his survive it, he would have thought that his gods intended first to make him mad and then to slay him. Yet his works have outlived their stages and their cities!

Those old Greeks were the most scholarly audience a playwright ever had. Slaves did all the work; the freemen had only to cultivate their minds, to develop grace, strength, and beauty of body; and the drama, half religious, half patriotic, was the well-spring of their inspiration.

#### All Day in the Theatre

They sat the whole day in their theatres, unroofed, with seats cut in the solid rock, while play followed play, terrible, sublime, beautiful, witty, and grotesque beyond comparison. There are miserable people who find Shakespeare stiff and dry, but Shakespeare's works are as the highest yet in pictures, while the great Greek drama is the noblest statuary, stiff indeed to some minds, but incomparable of its kind to the thoughtful.

The Delphi performance, it is hoped, will become an annual one; the Greeks had but two performances a year in their theatres. To us a Greek play conjures up visions; to the Greeks the visions were real; in every cloud was a god, in every tree a spirit, in every stream a nymph; and from their open-air theatres, as they turned their eyes from the stage, they imagined deities all about them, and that the great gods looked down in approval upon the plays in progress, understanding and enjoying them in common with enraptured mankind.



## A WHEELBARROW BECOMES FAMOUS

### BEGINNING A NEW WAY ACROSS A CONTINENT

Australia to Go by Train from North to South

#### A 2000-MILE RAILWAY

A wheelbarrow has passed into Australian history; it has become famous by carrying away the first soil to make way for both the great railways across the continent.

After a pause of more than a generation the building of Australia's great north-to-south railway is going on apace. Australia already has a railway spanning her whole length, from Fremantle, her chief western port, to Brisbane, the capital of Queensland. That, of course, is a much greater distance than between north and south, nearly 3500 miles against less than 2000 miles.

The existing line was begun more than 20 years later than the north-and-south line, but was completed in five years. The delay with the shorter route arises from interesting circumstances.

#### Paying for the Railway

On the first day of the present century Australia ceased to be a number of separate colonies and became a Commonwealth. The north-and-south line was undertaken by the Colony of South Australia and proved too much for her resources, whereas the east-and-west line was undertaken by the Commonwealth, which paid for the whole railway out of revenue as it went along.

Now the Commonwealth has made itself responsible for the north-and-south line too. The route of the railway was marked out more than half a century ago by the telegraph line which first linked Australia with the Imperial cable system; and within 20 years of the completion of the telegraph a railway had been built 700 miles north from Adelaide and 150 miles south from Darwin, leaving a gap of 1100 miles. That gap has remained till now.

#### Bridging the Gap

But at last the work is in hand for the new line which is to bridge the gap. Even now, however, the work will have to be done in stages. The immediate undertaking is to carry the line something under 300 miles northward from the present terminus at Oodnadatta to the romantically-named Alice Springs, which lies between two ranges of mountains almost in the very centre of Australia. This is to cost £1,700,000, and is to be completed by the summer of 1929. All the material will be made in Australia.

There is some poetic licence in speaking of the beginning of this great work as "turning the first sod." That is what it would be called in England, but in Australia no sod was turned, for there was no sod to turn. Oodnadatta is in the midst of what is known as the gibber country, named after the pebble-like rocks, anything up to a foot in diameter, which strew the country over an enormous area. A hole had been dug into which lumps of dried clay had been tipped, and the ceremony consisted of removing these lumps of clay!

#### An Interesting Ceremony

It was here that the wheelbarrow became famous and historic, for the same barrow and the same silver spade were used as had been used fourteen years before at the starting of the east-and-west line!

This interesting ceremony took place in the heat of the Australian summer, in the presence of the Prime Minister of South Australia and a motley assembly of Europeans, half-castes, aboriginals, Afghans, and native dogs. The visiting party travelled 700 miles from Adelaide by train in a shade temperature which had reached 114 degrees the day before.

## The Chief Scout's Greatest Friend

### WONDERFUL TRIBUTE TO A FAITHFUL ZULU

#### How He Lay in Wait in the Hills Through the Lonely Watches of the Night

#### THE BRAVE NATIVE WHO WALKED INTO THE ENEMY CAMP

TOLD BY THE CHIEF SCOUT, SIR ROBERT BADEN-POWELL

The Chief Scout has been telling a grown-up newspaper of the greatest friend he remembers. He was a Zulu, says B.P., who went scouting with him in Matabeleland. Six years ago the Chief Scout told the C.N. all about him, and it seems worth while reprinting this fine story.

It may interest some of you to hear of a real adventure which happened to me in Matabeleland.

We knew that the enemy were in the mountains about fifteen miles away, and it was my business to go and find out more exactly where they were and in what strength, and to find out also where they had hidden their women and their cattle.

This is very important indeed in a war against natives, because once you can get hold of the cattle it often ends the war.

I was allowed to take any troops I liked, but generally I found it best to go alone with one reliable native. So I took with me one Zulu, and we started off overnight, both riding ponies. After a time we came to a line of broken hills, beyond which lay a broad valley of long grass and bush, and on the far side of this rose the tumbled mass of mountains which formed the stronghold of the enemy.

#### Silently Through the Hills

The first line of hills was where they had small parties of men stationed as outposts, to give the alarm if our army advanced. These men did not keep themselves very well hidden at night, for as we got close to the hills we could see the glow and smoke of their fires here and there among the rocks; so it was comparatively easy for us to take a line which passed between them.

But it was exciting work. We dismounted and tied up our horses' feet in bits of old blanket we had brought with us, both to deaden the sound and to prevent hoof-tracks, and then, cautiously feeling our way and leading our nags, we crept silently through the line of watchers.

Once safely through, we gaily mounted and rode on, guided by the stars, toward the mountains across the plain. Presently these began to loom up in the darkness, gloomy and silent, and yet we knew that they held hundreds of our enemies. Nearer and nearer they came, until they seemed to tower above us.

#### Close to the Enemy

At last we left our horses, giving them a drink and some corn, and leaving them in a well-hidden spot. Then we went along on foot, cautiously and silently as we got among the rocks and foothills of the range.

It was the custom of the Matabele, if they got no signal of alarm from the outposts on the hills, to begin to light their fires and cook their food shortly before dawn, and that was our great opportunity for seeing exactly where they were camped. We could then creep closer, hide somewhere for the day, and watch their movements.

A dull light began to appear in the eastern sky. Dawn was approaching.

Suddenly on the dark mountain-side came a spark and a glimmer, and a fire began to burn; a few

seconds later another was lit, then another, and another. *The enemy were right before us!*

I was thinking to myself "You simpletons, you little know how you are giving away your position," when Jan, my Zulu, laid his hand excitedly on my arm and, chuckling quietly, whispered: "I do believe they are laying a trap for us. Wait for me here, and I'll go and see."

He stripped off his European coat, trousers, and hat, and, leaving them in a heap beside me, slipped away quietly into the darkness, taking his rifle and walking staff.

As I lay there, wondering at his suggestion—for I could see no sign of a trap for us—the thought dawned that possibly he was going to make a trap for me!

The Matabele are cousins of the Zulus and talk the same language; it would be quite easy for him to go to the enemy and offer to hand me over to them for some cattle. No Zulu can resist a chance of getting cattle.

So he had not been gone long before I, too, crept from our hiding-place.

#### Alive with Fires

My first idea was to make for the horses and be ready to bolt should circumstances require it; but on my way I passed a pile of rocks, and a better idea occurred to me—to hide among these, where I could see our original hiding-place and also be in touch with the horses. So there I lay (it seemed for hours) while the daylight gradually came on and the mountain grew alive with fires. Soon I could see men moving about, and eventually a number of warriors went up the hillside out of the grass, not very far from our position.

Suddenly there was a movement in the grass near my first hiding-place; one naked brown figure crept in alone. It was Jan, and he had not brought the enemy with him! He looked round in surprise at my absence, but as soon as I was sure he was unaccompanied I gave the whistle of a night bird, which was our signal, and he joined me at the rocks.

#### Plucky Jan

Then he told me how, having noticed that the enemy's fires were lit up one by one in regular succession, it occurred to him that the job was being done by one man and not by several at once, and that possibly it was a ruse to lead us on, because the enemy knew that we were often watching them at night. So he had gone forward, and very soon found himself among a whole lot of Matabele, lying in ambush where they thought we might come. Pretending to be one of them, he lay with them for a time, and managed to throw cold water on the idea that we were about that night. Then, before daylight came on, he took the opportunity of creeping away, and got safely back to me.

## A HEALTHIER WORLD

### How the League Helps Toward It

#### A GENEVA WAR IN WHICH EVERYBODY BELIEVES

One day not long ago a party of foreigners might have been seen at an exhibition in London examining sanitary arrangements, labour-saving devices, and all the useful gadgets of model houses. They were making notes of all the new ideas to take back to their own countries and homes. Another day they might have been seen at a great dairy, another day visiting laboratories, another day at Chatham Naval Hospital.

They were medical officers who had just come to the end of some months of study at various provincial health departments in England and Scotland, and were seeing the practical application of the latest methods and ideas. A day with the Metropolitan Water Board was in their programme, an inspection of the L.C.C. slum clearance and housing schemes, and a trip into Wiltshire to see over a condensed milk factory.

#### Light, More Light

A gathering at the Ministry of Health for notes and discussion completed the study course, and the party left for Geneva for a final conference.

That is one of the extremely practical ways in which the League of Nations wages its war against dirt and disease all over the world. The knowledge and practical experience of up-to-date methods and ideas gained by these medical officers will be carried into all sorts of dark corners, and will let in light and air and health.

Such courses of study have been organised and carried out by the Health Committee of the League of Nations since 1922, with the help of funds generously supplied by America. They have been held in European countries, in Canada, the United States, Central and South America, as well as in West Africa and in Japan. Practically all countries, including Russia and Turkey, take part. The medical officers, roughly a hundred each year, are picked men chosen by their own health administrations in order to study the way in which health problems are being dealt with in other countries.

#### International Understanding

The courses have been so successful that they are to be continued, and India wishes to have one later this year. Some on special subjects have also been held, such as those on the sanitation of Mediterranean ports, and Japan now proposes a course of study for Far Eastern ports.

As a result of these meetings those who have taken part have formed themselves into a society for improving public health and sanitation in every way possible and for helping on the work of the League Health Committee. This is another great step toward friendship among peoples, another step toward the final understanding of the nations of the Earth.

#### THE MAGIC PHRASE:

##### A Grain of Salt

We have been reminded that a lady once asked a great doctor to give her his opinion on a fashionable spiritual healer.

The doctor said he thought the treatment of this healer might possibly be of use if it were taken with a grain of salt. Some time afterwards he encountered the lady again, and she told him that the spiritual healer's treatment had been consoling, but she was sure her improved health was entirely due to the salts!



## 100 LETTERS A DAY

### What are They All About?

#### POSTBAG OF THE I.L.O.

The International Labour Office at Geneva receives more than a hundred letters a day, and the average number it posts each day is 125.

The letters that arrive are in 23 languages, and they come from 97 States, protectorates, colonies, and mandated territories. The senders are Governments, trade unions, employers' unions, and many private bodies.

The subjects they deal with range over a wide area. A large number are requests for information on labour conditions in different parts of the world. Inquiries come from badly-organised industries as to methods used by better-arranged industries for the fixing of minimum wage rates. Workers in countries with no trade unions want to know how they should be set up, and thus to benefit by the experience of others. Governments with no systems of health insurance are anxious to start them on the best lines, and seek knowledge from countries where they are working well.

To obtain from the various Governments the necessary details the request was put in the form of a series of questions, and the I.L.O. has had the task of collecting and comparing all the replies received.

## NEW LIGHT OF ASIA

### Buddha Statue as a Lighthouse

The Light of Asia is the title of a poem by Sir Edwin Arnold describing for English people the life and teaching of the Indian prophet Buddha.

It is a beautiful name, and we are reminded of it by the huge lighthouse lately set up in Japan in the form of a statue of Buddha.

This is at the port of Nagoya, on the principal island of Japan. The statue is 72 feet high and is in the usual sitting position. It is modelled on a famous bronze statue in the sacred city of Kamakura.

The Kamakura Buddha, nearly 100 years old, has windows in the shoulders with wide views of the surrounding scenery. The window of the Nagoya Buddha is in the forehead, where usually a jewel is placed, and from this window will shine an electric light of ten thousand candle-power.

## CRAFTSMEN OF NORFOLK ISLAND

### Honour to Whom Honour is Due

A Yorkshire reader, referring to a reference in the C.N. to the Norfolk Island Church of St. Barnabas, in memory of Bishop Patteson, mentions that her uncle, Mr. William Randall, who lived over fifty years on Norfolk Island, was responsible for nearly all the woodwork in the church, which our island correspondent attributed to native boys.

Both the statements may well be true. No doubt the pews and windows would need expert construction, but many South Sea natives are very clever carvers and decorators, and they would doubtless have worked under Mr. Randall's supervision.

### Pronunciations in This Paper

Aeschylus	Ees-kil-us
Cervantes	Cer-van-tez
Corot	Ko-ro
Croesus	Kree-sus
Faenza	Fah-ent-sah
Nagoya	Nah-go-yah
Prometheus	Pro-mee-thewss
Riadh	Re-ahd
Tabora	Tah-bo-rah

## ONE DAY THIS WEEK

### IN ART

#### A Man Who Stamped His Generation

Millais was born on June 8, 1829.

Sir John Everett Millais was one of the finest figures in English art in the nineteenth century. With a few other men he dominated a whole movement and stamped a generation with his work.

He was born at Southampton on June 8, 1829, the child of an old Norman family that had settled in Jersey for the best part of a century. Like most artists, he drew when he should have been doing his lessons, and victimised his family as sitters. His childhood was spent amid beautiful scenes in Brittany and Jersey, and while he was still a boy he was admitted to the Academy schools.

This infant prodigy caused some amusement among the Academy students, and the story is told that Millais, very boyish and dressing in a juvenile fashion, was known as The Child long after he had left his boyhood behind.

### Back to the Old Masters

In the meantime, at sixteen, he had painted an ambitious picture, and it was known that The Child would go far. For some time he carried everything before him. It is no small tribute to his personality that he should have been so popular. He painted pictures for a dealer in his spare time, and sent some early canvases to the Academy.

Millais had naturally grounded his style on the English school and on his masters. Before he was eighteen he had a growing conviction that there was something terribly wrong with British art. He became friendly with Holman Hunt, who thought the same thing.

The upshot of it was that these two (Millais then nineteen) decided to go back to the Early Masters for their inspiration and paint with a method entirely different from anything seen in England before. With two or three others, Rossetti chief among them, they boldly formed a brotherhood of art, and gave it the awkward name of the Pre-Raphaelites. Their gospel was to paint directly from Nature and scorn the imaginative.

### Three Famous Pictures

In 1848 there was a storm in the art circles of England, and people who had never seriously thought much about painting were asking what was the Pre-Raphaelite movement. Their questions were presently answered by three pictures—Holman Hunt's Light of the World, Millais's Christ in the House of His Parents, and Rossetti's Girlhood of Mary, Virgin.

Presently Millais found that he could no longer in honour hold to the exact tenets of the Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood. He was developing on broader lines. From 1860 onward for several years he did a great deal of book illustration as well as easel work.

In the meantime he had been elected A.R.A.; in 1864 R.A. Pictures like The Eve of St. Agnes, The Vale of Rest, The Black Brunswicker, had won a very definite place for him. In 1870 it was obvious that Millais could no longer be called a Pre-Raphaelite.

### Leighton's Successor

There followed some rich seasons of work. About twenty-five years Millais went on painting, producing pictures of dignity and beauty—marvellous landscapes like Autumn Leaves and Chill October, portraits like that of Gladstone, rare pictures of child life, and now and again a subject picture like The North-West Passage, which is called his masterpiece.

On the death of Lord Leighton he was elected President of the Royal Academy. The same year this fine old gentleman, who had all his life been beloved and had the gift of friendship, died, leaving many sorrowing. He passed away on August 13, 1896, and was buried in St. Paul's.

## PROBLEMS OF THE ANDES

### Life at a Great Height

The C.N. recently mentioned two problems which had been propounded by Professor Barker, who has returned from a visit to the Andes.

One problem was that of the Red Indians of that region. The Red Indian is now self-sustaining as regards food, clothing, and housing, and the question is: Will he be better off as an industrial worker with wider needs? The other problem was: How did the Spaniards conquer Peru with its cities at a height of 13,000 feet, too high for horses to live and for Europeans to have a soldierly activity?

A British reader of the C.N. living at Corocoro, in Bolivia, at a height of 13,000 feet, replies to these questions by saying that the Red Indians are already adopting European ways. Many of them are being educated. There are hundreds of schools, and Spanish is gradually becoming their normal language. Instead of using beautiful cloth woven by himself the Red Indian is buying bright, inferior imported cloth and garments.

As regards the effect of height on animals and on mankind, horses are found at an elevation of 13,000 feet, and can manage a journey of 35 miles. What of men? Well, Europeans dance, enjoy tennis, and play football at a height of 13,000 feet. The Spaniards could and did engage in vigorous warlike exercises.

## HUNDREDS GROW INTO MILLIONS

Even America can show few more wonderful histories than that of the great Armour firm of provision dealers, whose headquarters are in Chicago.

Less than seventy years ago Philip Danforth Armour set up in business at Milwaukee as a dealer in smoked meat with a capital of £100. Today the company's annual sales exceed two hundred million pounds, and ten million head of livestock are slaughtered in the course of every year.

## C.N. QUESTION BOX

Questions must be asked on postcards: one question on each card, with name and address.

**What is the Latin for Faithful Unto Death?**  
Fidelis usque ad mortem.

**To What Schools Did Lord Nelson Go?**  
He received his early education at the High School, Norwich, and was also at school at North Walsham and Downham, Norfolk.

**What is a Telemark?**  
Telemark is a term used in skiing for a special kind of turn to the left in order that the ski-er may stop.

**Which Country Has the Lowest Death-Rate?**

New Zealand, with 8.7 a thousand. Australia is next with 9.9 a thousand. England's death-rate is 13.7 a thousand.

**How Do Flies Walk on the Ceiling?**  
Their feet have little suckers which enable them to adhere to the ceiling either when still or when walking upside down. Their bodies are, of course, very light.

**Is it True That There Are No Male Tortoiseshell Cats?**

No; but they are very rare, fewer than one male to 700 females occurring. No satisfactory explanation of this is forthcoming.

**How Were the Red and White Petals of the Tudor Rose Arranged?**

The rose was drawn in circular form with four rings of petals, and the circle was divided into four quarters, with the quarters coloured red and white alternately.

**What is the Difference Between a Crocodile and an Alligator?**

Both are members of the crocodile family, but the true crocodiles are distinguished from the alligators by having the upper teeth interlocking with the lower ones, whereas in the alligators the upper teeth bite on the outer side of the lower ones. In crocodiles the nasal bones extend only as far forward as the hinder margin of the nostrils; in alligators they extend right across the aperture of the external nostrils.

## THREE PLANETS IN THE WEST

### WHY MARS LOOKS SO SMALL

### How to Find Mercury in the Sunset Glow

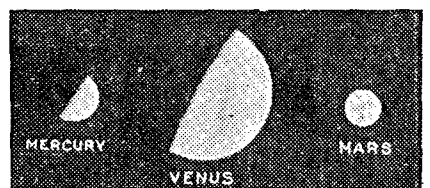
### THE BRILLIANCE OF VENUS

By the C.N. Astronomer

The western sky will be particularly interesting next week, for Venus and Mars will pass one another apparently but a short distance away; while Mercury will be in the same region of the heavens and should be easy to find.

During the first few days Venus will be found to be rapidly approaching Mars, the much fainter planet to the east of Venus; until by Thursday, June 9, they will be only about twice the Moon's width apart. Mars will be below Venus, and so very much fainter that the later they are observed the better.

By Friday Venus will be found to have travelled to the left of Mars. Of



The apparent size and appearance of Mercury, Venus, and Mars at the present time

course, the proximity of these two worlds is only apparent, for Mars is 125 million miles beyond Venus, or much more than twice as far away.

As Mars is little more than half the diameter of Venus (4200 miles compared with 7600) it is easy to understand why he appears so small.

Mercury will be very favourably placed for observation during the next fortnight. He sets two hours after the Sun, and so should be easily observable till half an hour before he sets at 10.30.

Mercury will be found somewhat to the west of due north-west, but he will be a little more to the right the later he is observed. An easy method of finding him in the sunset glow is to note exactly where the Sun has set; then, about half an hour later, when Venus has become a brilliant object in the gathering twilight, to draw an imaginary line from Venus to where the Sun went down. Near this line Mercury will be found.

### Mercury Approaching the Earth

His bright golden orb (much brighter than Mars but not as brilliant as Venus) cannot be mistaken, for there is no bright star near. He is rapidly approaching Venus and the Earth, so in the course of the next fortnight he will get nearer to Venus and increase in brilliance, thus becoming easier to locate.

Mercury's small world, only 3000 miles in diameter, nevertheless appears much larger than Mars at the present time—more than half as wide again as seen in a telescope, for Mercury is but a hundred million miles away—less than half as far as Mars.

The picture shows the apparent relative sizes and appearance of Venus, Mars, and Mercury as seen through a small telescope; both Venus and Mercury are approaching the crescent shape, their apparent diameter increasing.

Neither Venus, Mercury, nor Mars will be visible when the total eclipse takes place on June 29, because they will all be too far to the east of the Sun and will not have risen above the horizon. G. F. M.

**Other Worlds.** In the evening Venus, Mars, and Mercury in the north-west. Saturn south. In the morning Jupiter south-east.



# THE RIVER PIRATES

A Tale of Adventure • By Herbert Strang

## CHAPTER 19

### Lo Fing Leads the Way

AFTER waiting a few minutes to make sure that he had seen the last of the strange flotilla Michael sculled quickly back to his friends. They were by this time awake, wondering where he had gone, and indeed not a little uneasy in mind.

"Thanks be, sir," said Bunce, as Michael drew alongside the launch. "It fair give me a turn when I woke up and heard all manner of queer noises and couldn't see you anywheres about. Nothing wrong, it's to be hoped?"

"I'm all right, if that's what you mean, but we're up against a stiff job."

He told them how the unusual sounds had drawn him away to investigate, and what he had seen.

"At a guess there must have been pretty nearly five hundred men on the vessels passing down the river," he added. "No doubt they had left others in their fort. I had never imagined that the pirates had such a powerful organisation."

"No one knows how many they number," said Chang. "They move about sometimes in large parties, sometimes in small, and they've never been tracked to their headquarters."

"That's our job now," responded Michael. "It will be more difficult and dangerous than I had reckoned on, but it's got to be done. Luckily that crowd I saw are out of the way for the present—though when you come to think of it a few more or less won't make much difference to our little party."

"We'd stand no chance in a fight, that's true," said Bunce. "But it's not a matter of fighting just at present. It's a case of spying out the land, and for a job of that sort the fewer the better. It's a job for one, and that's me."

"Thanks for the offer, Bunce, but I must do it myself. I haven't any make-up for my face, but at a distance Chinese clothes may help me to pass muster. At any rate, there's no other way."

It was decided to make a start in the afternoon.

A change of dress for Michael was provided by the ever-resourceful Ah Sung. At a distance the English lad would have passed very well for a Chinese. Even Bunce was ready to admit it.

"But don't show your face, sir," he said earnestly.

"My face is not my fortune, eh?" said Michael, with a smile. "Well, now, we must arrange what's to be done in case Mr. Fing and I don't come back."

"I don't like to hear you say that, sir," said Bunce.

"But it must be said. If we are not back by sunset tomorrow you had better get away at once in the launch, make for Hong Kong, and report that I've been captured by pirates. I don't know whether our people there could do much. As affairs are now they have probably much more important matters to worry them than the fate of two young fellows like Larry and me."

"You may depend on our doing everything possible," said Chang. "But I hope there will be no need."

"Thanks; I hope so too. Now, Mr. Fing, let us make a start. I've got my revolver and electric torch. There's no revolver for you, but Ah Sung can give you a knife."

Lo Fing thrust the knife into an inner pocket. Good-byes were said; then Michael was on the point of stepping into the dinghy when the farmer stopped him.

"Not in the boat," he said. "There is a better way."

Surprised though he was, Michael followed the farmer without demur as he led the way to the far side of the little island. Then he paused, looked around for a few moments as if taking a bearing, then lifted his coat, entered the water, which came barely to his

knees, and waded straight toward an extensive clump of reeds about sixty yards away. Michael, following him closely, found that beneath a few inches of mud there was a rocky bottom to the stream.

Arriving at the clump of reeds, Lo Fing pushed his way through for a few yards, and came to a patch of firm ground on which grew a stunted tree. From a low branch of this hung a light chain. Lo Fing hauled in the slack of the chain until it was taut above their heads, then secured it firmly.

"You've certainly been here before," said Michael.

"Yes, I have had reason," replied the farmer. "Do as I do; and be sure you do not let go of the chain."

He grasped the stretched chain with his right hand, followed it through a few yards of thick shrubs, and came to an open space of soft mud. On the farther side of this, about a dozen yards away, grew another solitary tree, and Michael saw that to this tree the chain was attached.

"Hold fast, or you will sink," said Lo Fing.

Hand over hand, his feet only just touching the surface of the mud, the farmer crossed the space. When he was safely across Michael followed him, finding it a much less easy task than it had appeared. The chain galled his hands, soft from office work; his feet were more inclined to press into the mud than Lo Fing's had been; but he struggled over, and stood beside his friend.

Thereupon Lo Fing slackened the chain from the tree and tied it. Most of it had disappeared beneath the mud, which was, in fact, of no greater consistency than soup.

"Come, and quickly," said the farmer in a whisper.

Michael followed him in a tortuous course through the swamp. Sometimes the path was visible, sometimes it disappeared; but Lo Fing went on and on without faltering, and after a pathless interval never failed to strike the track again.

They trudged on thus in silence for about an hour, then came to firm ground—a desolate, heath-like expanse, without sign of habitation. Some twenty minutes later, as they crossed a slight rise in the ground, Michael, looking westward, saw the wireless masts in the far distance, clearly outlined against the sunset glow.

Lo Fing still led doggedly southward. Presently, in the evening dusk, there loomed up right ahead a dark shape that Michael instantly recognised. It was the ruined joss-house where Larry and he had come upon the strange scene of the half-strangled Chinese.

## CHAPTER 20

### The Hole in the Wall

Lo Fing edged away. "We must not go near the joss-house," he whispered. "It is haunted by too many evil spirits."

Michael, remembering his first visit to the place, said to himself that the evil spirits were cased in very human bodies; but Lo Fing was clearly so terrified of the place that Michael refrained from uttering his thoughts.

They bore to the right, passing the joss-house at some little distance. Then Lo Fing called a halt.

"We are near the village," he whispered. "I have a friend there who can give me news of what the pirates are doing. If you will wait I will go there and come back soon. You will not be disturbed; no one comes near the joss-house, so great is the dread."

"Very well," said Michael. "You are in no danger yourself?"

"No; I am not like a blind fool picking at random after worms, as our proverb says. I will slip in and out unnoticed."

Lo Fing hastened away in a southward direction, and was soon

swallowed up in the gloom. Michael was left to himself. He could just see the shape of the joss-house forty or fifty yards away.

"All the same, I'll take cover," he said to himself, following a line of thought. "Lo Fing's fear of the place is genuine enough; the villagers may dread it; but there are some folks who don't, and it's as well to be prepared."

He found a bush that promised to give satisfactory shelter, and sat down there to await the farmer's return. It was growing very dark. The sky was cloudy and starless, the air rather cold. In spite of himself Michael, as the minutes passed, felt that he was getting "jumpy," and when the prevailing silence was suddenly broken by a sharp cry he started up with a queer chill feeling about his spine.

"Idiot!" he inwardly exclaimed a moment afterwards. "It was a bird. This will never do."

He left the shelter of the bush, and walked some little distance southward, hoping to meet Lo Fing. Then he reflected that if he wandered far he might not only miss his friend but lose his bearings, so he made his way back to the bush. The cry of another night bird did not startle him, and another sound that he heard a little later he identified as the croaking of bull-frogs far away.

But it was wearisome waiting. Lo Fing had said that the village was near, but he had been gone a long time; had any harm befallen him after all? Michael began to grow uneasy on the farmer's account, and got up again to walk in the direction from which he might be expected.

He had not gone very far when his steps were suddenly arrested by quite new sounds—neither the cries of birds nor the croaking of frogs. What were they? For the moment he could not determine, but they grew louder; it appeared that some person, or persons, were approaching.

Michael was on the alert. He was cut off from his sheltering bush; to gain it he would have to cross a bare, open space, and dark though it was his form might be discerned. What could he do? The joss-house! It was near; a straggling line of shrubs would cover his approach to it; and it should prove a safe refuge if it was as much dreaded by the natives as Lo Fing had said.

But perhaps it might not be necessary to take refuge; the person approaching might pass by, avoiding the joss-house as Lo Fing had done, and proceeding toward the village. To be ready for either event Michael slipped into cover of one of the line of bushes near the joss-house and waited.

After a little he became aware that the footsteps—they were

clearly audible now, and there seemed to be more than one person—were not passing the joss-house, but coming in his direction. He edged into the ruined porch, still expecting them to pass by. To his astonishment they came straight toward the entrance. He could now see them dimly: two men and a donkey or pony, he could not tell which.

"If they come in here I'm trapped," thought Michael, setting his wits to work.

There was a door between the porch and the interior. But the room beyond was bare; there was no chance of concealment there. He might, perhaps, escape through the window; but to open the door, grope through the room, and spring out on to the ground could hardly be done without a certain amount of noise. Probably he could get away, but how could he be sure of meeting Lo Fing? The farmer's safety as well as his own might be endangered if his presence were discovered.

The newcomers were approaching slowly. He had a few moments' grace. Just above his head he noticed a stout beam stretching along the porch. By standing on tiptoe he found that he could just get his hands over the beam's top edge. The porch was dark; though he could see the men they could not see him.

Clutching the beam, he gave a spring, pulled himself upward, got one leg over the beam, and swarmed on to the top. Then he edged back along the stout balk of timber until he touched the wall above the doorway—the darkest spot of the porch, and the position in which he was least likely to be discovered by anyone entering it.

He had barely settled himself on the beam, with his legs tucked under him, when he heard whispering just outside the porch, followed by the sound of footsteps; one of the men was apparently walking round the building. A minute or two later both entered the porch. The first flashed an electric torch for a moment, giving Michael a shiver; but the light did not rise as high as the beam and was immediately switched off.

In that moment Michael had just time to notice that the man behind was carrying a burden of some kind. The leader pushed open the door beneath Michael; there was another momentary flash, then darkness again.

Michael heard a thud as some heavy object, no doubt the burden carried by the second man, dropped to the floor within the room. The sound provoked an angry whisper from the other. A brief silence, then a grunt or two, as if one or both were lifting something heavy, accompanied by a slight creaking as of a rusty hinge.

After another short interval of silence one of the men returned to the porch and came back with a second package. There were several more such journeys, and Michael, realising that the man stayed in the room each time for two or three minutes, decided to run the risk of slipping down, taking a peep, and getting away.

He stealthily dropped to the floor, and peered through the open doorway. All was darkness. He could just make out the grey rectangle of the window, but no light came from the murky sky to illuminate the interior. Nor at first was there a sound that would give him a clue to what the men were doing, if they were still there.

Disappointed, not daring to stay longer, he was on the point of slipping out through the porch into the open when he caught a whisper at the far side of the room. Instinctively he drew back into the shadow of the door. There was a flash from the torch. The light fell directly into a large, square hole in the farther wall. And in the hole, looking into the room, was the broad, yellow, villainous face of one of the men who on Michael's first visit to the joss-house had held that strangling rope.

TO BE CONTINUED

## Who Was She?

### A Martyr to Politics

THERE have been many tens of thousands of martyrs cruelly put to death because they were faithful to what they believed was right in religion. But religion has not been the only cause of bitter persecution and destruction of human life: politics has done its share of that deadly cruelty.

Though till the present generation women have not taken a very active part in politics, they have sometimes suffered political martyrdom. They have been put to death, not because of their crimes, but because of their opinions. There was a sad case years ago in France.

Before the period we are thinking of the poorer people of France had had a terribly hard time. The rich lived a gay and spendthrift life. The people who cultivated the soil were miserably poverty-stricken, ill-fed, heavily taxed, and had no share in the government of their native land. The people rose in revolution, and changed the government of the country into something resembling the English Parliament.

The King of France at that time was a young man. He was not clever, or bad, or dangerous. He had not caused France to be in such a miserable state: it had come about through bad government and hard-hearted neglect during a long period of wars. He only inherited the evils of his time from others. He was a well-meaning young man, but with little strength of character.

He married a young princess of the proud imperial House of Austria. She was beautiful, and had far more strength of character than her husband. Undoubtedly her influence was used in the home against granting greater liberty to the mass of the French people. She was proud, and would have no intercourse if she could help it with the leaders of the citizens of France. She was not clever enough to understand what was happening, and was too proud to give way.

Still, she was not a queen in the sense of having power. She was only the king's wife. But public feeling turned against her. All kinds of rumours as to what she had said and done were talked of. Some were true and some were not. Her influence on her husband certainly tended to make him weak, undecided, and contradictory in his actions; and finally he was brought to trial as an enemy of his own country, condemned, and executed.

But that did not satisfy the feelings of the populace. The queen

also was tried, condemned, and beheaded, a fate she faced with great bravery. She held wrong opinions, and acted unwisely, but only thoughtless

fury made her a political martyr. Here is her portrait. Who was she?



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# Now Summer Dawns in Our English Fields



## THE BRAN TUB

### A Charade

WHEN blooming spring, on glad some wing,  
Returns to bless our land.  
My first is seen, in valleys green,  
Its beauties to expand.  
Each son of soil when worn with toil  
Seeks on my next to gain  
Refreshment sweet, that he may greet  
With ease his toils again.  
In pleasing mien my first is seen  
Upon my whole quite gay;  
Its owner's care, whose treasures rare  
Adorn the lap of May. *Answer next week*

### The C.N. Natural Portrait Gallery



The Alpine Marmot

The Marmot is a very stoutly built rodent, somewhat resembling a rabbit, except that it is without the characteristic ears and long hind legs. It is found in the northern parts of both the Eastern and Western Hemispheres, and includes many species, all of which live on seeds, roots, and leaves. The Alpine Marmot, often heard but rarely seen, on sighting an intruder on its territory emits a whistling scream.

### Ici On Parle Français



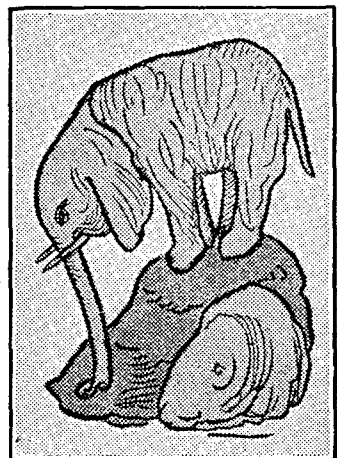
La batte Le haricot Le castor

On vous achètera une batte neuve.  
Ces haricots se conserveront bien.  
Le castor est un mammifère rongeur.

### Is Your Name Weatherhead?

THE name Weatherhead has nothing to do with the weather, and it may not have anything to do with a head. Weather stands here for wether, a sheep. Sometimes, unfortunately, wether head meant mutton headed, or stupid, but in other cases it stood for wether herd, a tender of sheep. Weatherheads of today, therefore, may hope that their first ancestors of the name were simply shepherds.

### A Quaint Zoo

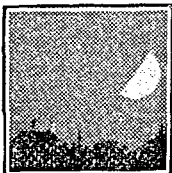


THIS drawing of an elephant is from a series of quaint coloured postcards issued by the Natural History Department of the British Museum. The pictures are the attempts of artists of the Middle Ages to draw animals, and while some, like this elephant, are quite recognisable, many of them look like purely imaginary creatures.

### Next Week's Nature Calendar

THE nightingale's song ceases. The young spotted flycatchers hatch out. Young jackdaws are fledged.

The large brown dragon-fly is seen on the wing. Meadow hay is cut. Many plants come into blossom, including red valerian, bladder campion, great nettle, black bryony, flaxweed, mountain cudweed, common speedwell, common vetch, dog rose, sainfoin, scarlet pimpernel, crane's bill, dwarf mallow, small bindweed, watercress, wild thyme, butterfly orchis, honeysuckle, yellow flag, common mallow, and snapdragon.



Looking South 10 p.m., June 7

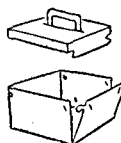
### Things Just Patented

We have no further information about the new patents which are illustrated here.

**A New Cycle Wheel-Lock.** Here is a simple and effective device for preventing the use of a cycle against its owner's wish. To one side of the fork a rod is pivoted which in a normal position is held clear of the wheel by a spring. When in use the free end of the rod is passed between the spokes of the wheel to the other side of the fork, where it is locked in position, thus preventing the wheel from turning.



**A Folding Cardboard Box with a Handle.** Folding cardboard boxes are used for a variety of purposes, and this example is more useful than most, for it is provided with a serviceable handle which passes through a slit in the lid, as shown. The lid is held firmly in position by means of tabs which engage with slots on the sides of the box.

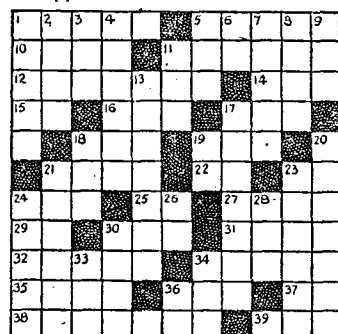


### Proverbs About Words

GOOD words cost no more than bad. Few words, many deeds. Smooth words make smooth ways. Better one word in time than two afterwards. Better a good word than a battle. A word hurts more than a wound. Soft words win hard hearts. A word spoken is an arrow let fly.

### Cross Word Puzzle

THERE are 51 words and abbreviations hidden in this puzzle. The clues are given below and the answers will appear next week.



**Reading Across.** 1. Little. 5. After a time. 10. Ethereal. 11. Wages. 12. Hauled up on shore. 14. A baked food. 15. A preposition. 16. To consume. 17. A metal. 18. Not within. 19. An invisible fluid. 21. A smoky exhalation. 22. Part of the Bible (abbrev.). 23. Overhead valve (abbrev.). 24. A foot wiper. 25. A note of the tonic sol-fa scale. 27. Erudition. 29. Exist. 30. Amusement. 31. A Hebrew month. 32. Pertaining to the rising and falling of the sea. 34. Upright. 35. Terminates. 36. River in Cumberland. 37. French for the. 38. Repair. 39. Place of rest.

**Reading Down.** 1. A wooden shoe. 2. Bearing. 3. High artist's honour (abbrev.). 4. Building where Aristotle taught. 5. Boy. 6. Chemical symbol for aluminium. 7. A South American animal. 8. Ireland. 9. A cereal plant. 11. Fixed. 13. Detestable. 17. The meadow pipit. 18. Beyond usual limits. 19. Indefinite article. 20. Turned away. 21. Dearth. 23. An uncommonly wise person. 24. Mother. 26. One. 28. A poem. 30. Rapid. 33. Doctor of Dental Surgery (abbrev.). 34. Point of the compass. 36. Symbol for King Edward.

## Jacko in Disgrace

MRS. JACKO was furious when she found Adolphus and Jacko in the middle of a pillow fight early one morning. Nearly everything in their room had been knocked over, and as Mrs. Jacko opened the door a picture fell off the wall with a loud crash.

"You ought to be ashamed of yourselves!" gasped Mrs. Jacko, when she could find her voice. "As for you, Adolphus, I should have thought you were old enough to know better!"

As a matter of fact, Adolphus had really enjoyed the battle very much, especially as he had got the best of it; but as soon as he saw Mrs. Jacko he changed his tune, and was even mean enough to say that Jacko had started the fight.

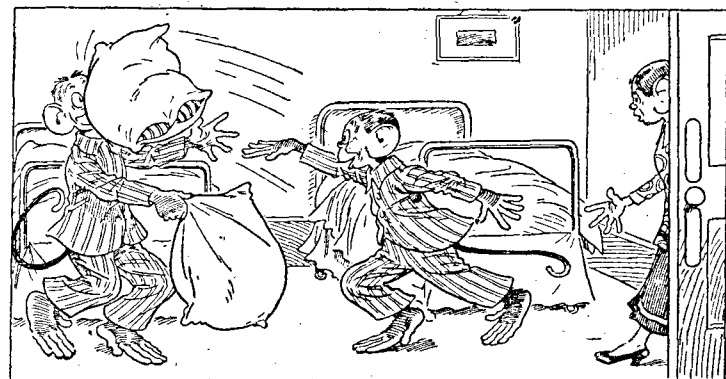
"Naturally I had to defend myself," he began, and then he suddenly stopped, for Jacko simply hadn't been able to resist throwing another pillow at him!

That made Mrs. Jacko more angry than ever. She called Mr. Jacko, and Mr. Jacko brought the cane. Altogether the day started very badly for Jacko.

And things didn't brighten up much later on. Nobody let Jacko forget that he was in disgrace, and by the afternoon he was so tired of black looks that he took refuge in the nursery.

"I'll play games with Baby," he said to himself. "He won't scowl at me, anyway."

But the baby happened to be in a particularly fractious mood



"You ought to be ashamed of yourselves!" gasped Mrs. Jacko

that day. He was tired of his toys and wanted something new, and Jacko couldn't think of anything to amuse him.

"I know; we'll go mountain climbing," he said at last. "Come on, Baby, where's the skipping-rope?" And he tied one end round the baby and the other round his own waist in a most professional manner.

The baby was highly delighted at the idea of a new game, especially when Jacko explained that they were going out of the skylight on to the roof. He clapped his little hands with glee and toddled along behind Jacko, chuckling to himself.

It didn't take long to get out on the roof, and they started by climbing a sloping gable, Jacko going first and the baby crawling along behind him. Jacko thought it great fun, though the roof was rather dirty and the baby's white suit soon began to look the worse for wear—especially after Jacko had held him up to look down one or two chimneys.

And just as they were coming back through the skylight Jacko heard his mother's voice below.

"Where ever has baby got to?" she was saying. "I dressed him up in a clean suit all ready to go to see Grandpa."

Unfortunately for Jacko, there was no doubt where the baby had got to. When he heard his mother's voice he gurgled "Baby all black!" and Mrs. Jacko looked up at the skylight.

Needless to say, poor Jacko's day ended as badly as it had begun! His mother said it was a mercy the child wasn't killed.

### A Word Square

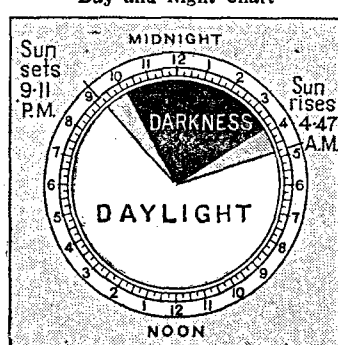
THE following clues indicate four words which written one under the other will make a square of words. Each word, of course, has four letters.

To secure. A thought. A girl's name found in one of Dickens's most popular novels. A valley.

*Answer next week*

**How the Ribstone Pippin Got Its Name**  
THE Ribstone pippin is a winter apple, very sweet, and with a reddish-yellow skin. About the close of the seventeenth century Sir Henry Goodricke obtained from Rouen three pips, which he planted at Ribstone, in Yorkshire. Two died, but the third survived and became the ancestor of all the Ribstone pippin trees to be found in England.

### Day and Night Chart



Darkness, twilight, and daylight in the middle of next week. The daylight grows longer each day.

## DI MERRYMAN

### The Precious Strap

AN absent-minded man found it difficult to reach his pocket as he hung on to the strap and swung with the bus's motion.

"Can I help you, sir?" asked the conductor.

"Yes," was the answer. "Please hold this strap for me while I get out my fare."

### High and Low



"THEY don't have these high tides in France,"

Chirped Snorum with a roguish glance. Snip pondered hard, then shook his head.

"Why not?" in puzzled tones he said.

"Because," laughed Snorum, "as you know, in France the water's always l'eau!"

### This Wicked World

Oh, dear, dear, this is a wicked world!

Very true, very true! But, for myself, I shall be quite satisfied if I get out of it alive!

### A Candid Friend

"LET us sing a duet," said Miss Crow;

But Miss Nightingale answered her, "No!"

If I sing, dear, with you  
Folks would throw things and boo,  
For your croaking would ruin the show!"

### An Obvious Error

YES, I think we'll take these rooms. But (sniff) isn't there rather a disagreeable smell here? Are you sure the drains are all right?

Oh, it can't be the drains, sir; there aren't any.

### At the Seaside

"THERE you are, sir, have a good gallop. Pony for you and another for the lady."

"Thanks (loftily); but I'm not accustomed to that class of animal."

"Hi, Bill, look sharp! Gent will have a donkey!"

### The Cold Bath

BATH's ready, sir.

Oh, ah, Perkins, take the bath for me, please. And I say, Perkins, make it a cold plunge.

IN what month do people do the least work?

In February, because it has only 28 days.

### A Reversed Word

REVERSE the highest point we know, You'll see the greatest depth below.

*Answer next week*

### ANSWERS TO LAST WEEK'S PUZZLES

#### Changed Letters

Rose, nose, rise, rope, Ross

#### A Black-and-White Jig-Saw

This is how the pieces should be placed together to form the swallow.



#### A Riddle in Rhyme Attention

A Built-Up Word Nose-gay

Changeling

Ball, bale, bare, bars, bats



The Children's Newspaper grew out of My Magazine, the monthly the whole world loves. My Magazine grew out of the Children's Encyclopedia, the greatest book for children in the world.

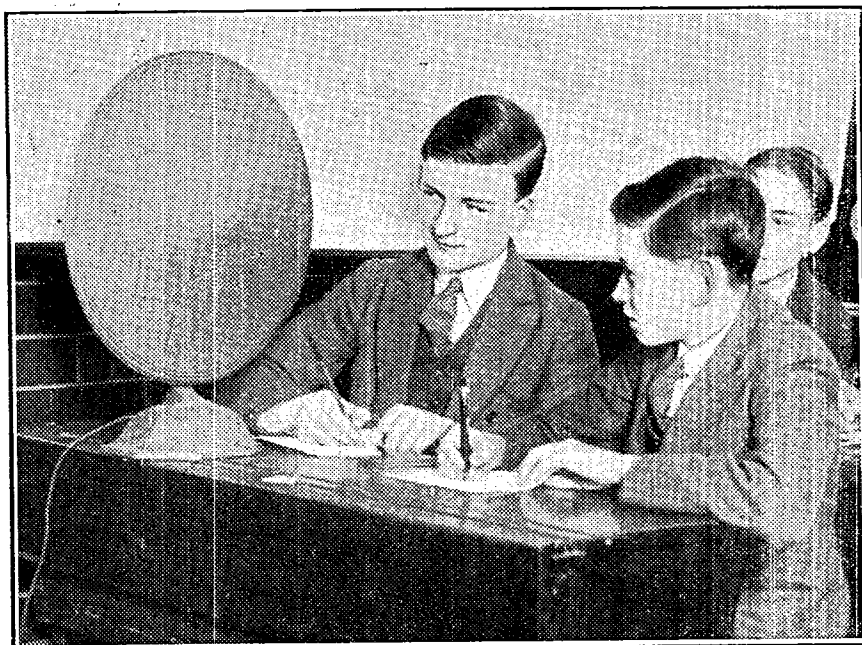
# CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

June 4, 1927

Every Thursday, 2d.

The C.N. is posted anywhere inland and abroad for 11s. a year. My Magazine, published on the 15th of each month, is posted anywhere except Canada for 14s. a year; Canada, 13s. 6d. See below.

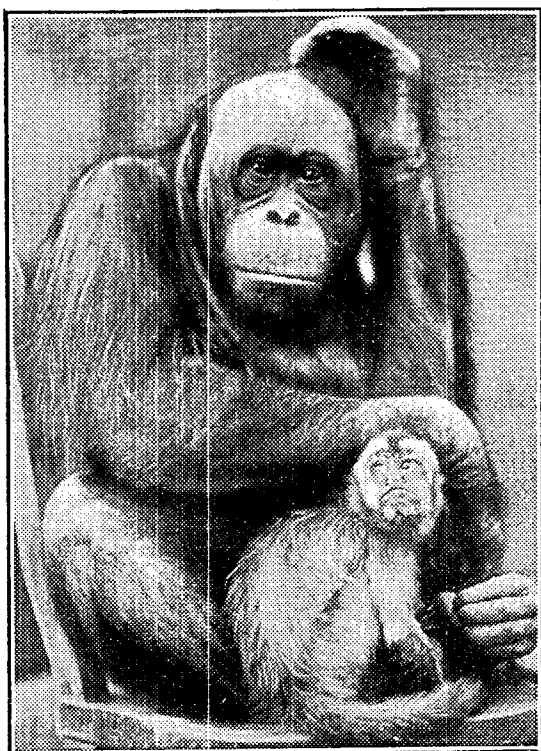
## LESSONS BY WIRELESS · LONDON'S ICE MAN · MARKET DAY IN SHANGHAI



**Lessons by Loud Speaker**—The B.B.C. is giving afternoon lessons on various subjects, and here we see some of the boys in a London school listening to a lecture and taking notes.



**The Camel of South America**—It is not only children who enjoy riding on animals at the Zoo, as we see by this picture of a grown-up girl on a llama, the South American camel.



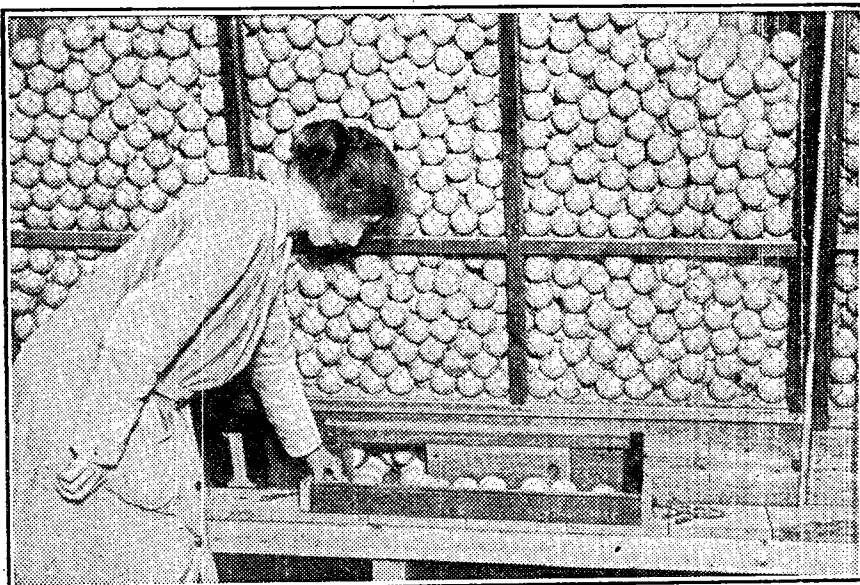
**An Unusual Friendship**—Murphy, an orang-utan at the London Zoo, is here seen with the little South African monkey he has adopted. The two seem to be great friends.



**A Popular Man on a Hot Day**—The busy season for ice men has begun, and in this picture we see one of them pausing in the work of loading his van to give pieces of ice to some London children.



**A Big Armful**—In the nursery rhyme Mary had a little lamb, but in this picture from an Enfield farm the lamb seems quite big beside the little girl who is carrying it.



**In a Tennis Ball Factory**—Every summer tennis grows in popularity, and this year the manufacturers of balls have bigger orders than ever. Here we see a wire cage filled with new balls at a big factory. The girl is measuring them before they are packed for delivery.



**Business as Usual in Shanghai**—Although Shanghai is surrounded with barbed wire to protect it from the Chinese civil war, these two farmers are taking their poultry to market as usual. One man can carry fifteen or sixteen birds by the method shown in the picture.

## THE SHADOW ON EARTH FOR A THOUSAND YEARS—SEE MY MAGAZINE FOR JUNE

The Children's Newspaper is printed and published every Thursday by the Proprietors, The Amalgamated Press, Ltd., The Fleetway House, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.4. It is registered as a newspaper and for transmission by Canadian post. It can be ordered (with My Magazine) from these Agents: Canada, Imperial News Co. (Canada), Ltd.; Australasia, Gordon & Gotch; South Africa, Central News Agency, R/R.